

12271. b. 2.

MISCELLANEOUS
PIECES,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE;
BY CHARLES GRAHAM,
WRITING-MASTER
AND TEACHER OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,
LIVERPOOL.

Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow ; not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence ; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade,
Ascends ; but whence the bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd.

AIKENSIDE.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN a man has ventured to appear in a public character; and has submitted his thoughts to the inspection of the Public Eye; he must naturally suppose, they will be examined with the strictest scrutiny; and, if the least flaw, or inaccuracy appear; even in the minutest circumstance; the whole will be censured with the utmost virulence and acrimony, by those formidable heroes, the CRITICS. But a true critic, (according to MR. ADDISON's definition;) is a man of a liberal mind, and of enlarged ideas, who makes it his business to point out the beauties of any performance; casting a modest shade over those slight imperfections, so incident to our nature. For,

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

“Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.”

The greatest authors have their imperfections; but they are only like the spots in the Sun: which contribute to display, in a more conspicuous manner, the splendor of the luminous body. In bodies more opaque, those spots would never have been discovered. To speak without a metaphor; imperfections

fections in an Author, do not prove him to be totally destitute of merit; nor ought his compositions to be indiscriminately condemned, because some parts of them betray that imperfection, which so emphatically marks human nature.

In offering these attempts to the public, it must be confessed that I feel a degree of diffidence, that I have not experienced on any former occasion. When a man weighs his own comparative merit, against the united judgement of the public; he must feel his own inferiority, in a degree too humiliating to be expressed. This consideration, too frequently recurring, were, one would suppose, sufficient to deter any person from commencing Author. But such is the nature of man, that no obstacles, however great or intimidating; can repress the ardor he feels, to communicate to the world, his supposed discoveries. When this is done with modesty, it is certainly laudable; when he appeals to the judgment of the public, it would be cruel to deny him a candid hearing; but, should he arrogantly attempt to extort applause; he need not be surprized on his being disappointed. He who expects universal approbation, must suppose himself more than mortal; since even truths the most self evident, are not always, generally received. When men of the first abilities, could not escape the censures of the malevolent; then surely those writers of a subordinate order, must think it a compliment even to be taken notice of.

If, in my commerce with mankind, I had not discovered much good sense and discernment; I might perhaps, have been more confident of my own abilities. From the sensible, the candid, and the generous minded I know I shall meet
with

with every *due* indulgence. It is these alone, who know what it is to write, and how to judge of composition; to these therefore, I submit, with deference and respect. If, in these humble attempts, they should find any thing innocently amusing; I shall consider it as a sufficient compensation for the trouble I have had in composing them. I could only wish, that what is here submitted to their perusal, might only be read with the same *candor* that I *myself* always shew to *any* author who has attempted to contribute to my amusement.

There are however, a certain order of men, whom I know, will be very active on this occasion, I mean the envious, and the malevolent. I know there is a strange propensity in the nature of such men, to quarrel with all Authors. To these men, as I owe no obligation, I shall make no apology; much less submit to the meanness of confession. I shall leave them to their vile machinations, after having given them the following salutary advice, which is this, "That the most effectual method they can possibly take to lessen my work in the estimation of the Public, is, to publish something of their *own*, that shall *surpass mine*, and thereby *demonstrate* to the *world* their superiority." I am more particular in impressing this advice; because on their part, there does not appear to be any other *alternative*; no man being obliged to determine upon their superior merit, on the bare credit of their *own* testimony.

I shall now offer a few words relative the nature and tendency of these little attempts, which perhaps, some of my readers may think, of too serious a cast for public
entertainment

entertainment. In the first place I must observe, that many of the poetical pieces, were written occasionally, when the subjects were not of my own chusing. When this is the case, we do not always acquit ourselves to our satisfaction. However, thus much may, with justice, be averred, that no pieces of this kind are here inserted, that have not been favoured with some flattering marks of public approbation.

Some of the Poems were written during our unhappy contest with the Americans, and have some allusion thereto; but I trust, no person will take offence on this account: my remarks are of the pacific kind; being sensible that devastation and slaughter; are incompatible with the Christian name.

The intelligent reader will observe, that some of the pieces have been inserted in the magazines, with my signature annexed. Such of them as were thought worthy of preservation, are here offered to the public. Besides these, there are a variety of Original Pieces, recently written, that have never yet met the public eye. Had I been inclined to plagiarism, I might have given my readers, a more valuable collection: it being much easier to compile, than *fabricate*, ingenious composition. But it appears to me, an unpardonable folly, as well as a meanness, for any person to arrogate to himself, the merit of another man's labours.

I have made it an invariable rule, never to consult other men's thoughts upon a subject I purposed to treat upon; but to be as much original as possible, even tho' I should fall short in point of elegance.

One thing further I must remark, which is, that I have not submitted these sheets to the correction or revival, of any *other person* ; because I should not have received much satisfaction in the contemplation of *imputed merit*. Whatever errors therefore may be found, (and errors there doubtless are ;) must be considered as errors of the *judgement* ; save those of the Press ; which will be obvious to every discerning eye, and pardoned by the candid reader. In the errata, most of them are pointed out, and corrected.

It is some satisfaction to reflect, that I have punctually fulfilled the conditions held forth in my Proposal. The work is printed upon a fine demy wove paper, of a remarkably delicate texture, and of a very high price.

In regard to the Engraved Specimen, given with the work ; it is EXECUTED by MR. ASHBY, of LONDON, who is universally allowed to be the first Artist in the Kingdom, in the art of engraving from *Writing*. I shall say nothing of the merit of the Penmanship, in this point, the public will determine.

I shall now conclude, with observing, that, as I did not publish with any sanguine expectation of raising to myself a monument of *Fame* ; there will be *little danger* of my being *disappointed* ; and, I have the confidence to hope, that the rectitude of my *intentions*, will, at least, secure me from *contempt*.

N.B.

N. B. To those who have not seen my former book, (which was published in 1778.) It may not be improper to observe, that the first paragraph in this preface, is verbatim, with my former. This would be of no consequence to the public, were it not from the following curious circumstance.

A person of the name of Staggs, who lately published some Poems, which are abroad in the country; to save himself the trouble of writing a preface; has made free to copy the greatest part of my former one, interlarded with something of his own, which, together, form a curious medley. I should not have thought it worth my leisure, to detect this plagiarism; were it not to prevent persons from fixing the saddle upon the wrong horse.

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ERRATA.

Page 22, line 20, for thy read *then*. P. 23, for confident read *confidant*. P. 24, l. 12, for turns read *tunes*. P. 49, l. 24, for when read *what*. P. 52, l. 9, for led by radiance, read led by *the radiance*. P. 53, l. 12, for from, read *form*. P. 69, l. 16, for disdain'ft, read *disdain'd'st*. P. 78, l. 18, for "ET-TU-BRUTE" read "*Et tu, Brute?*" P. 94, l. 12, for track, read *tract*. P. 124, l. 28, for acknowling, read *acknowledging*. For tallents, read *talents*, in two places, in same page. P. 147, l. 4, for buyed read *buoyed*. Page 168, l. 20, for doint, read *point*. P. 182, l. 2, read *as before wickedness*. P. 183, l. 9, for Emassador, r. *Ambassador*.

† Some of the above errors, were discovered, and corrected, before one half of the Impressions were printed off.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

EULOGIUM ON THE DIGNITY OF VERSE.

COME, gentle MUSE! in pleasing strains rehearse,
Th' enchanting magic of immortal VERSE!
Tell how the passions, when subdu'd by thee,
Glide smooth and placid, like th' untroubled sea;
From shame and indigence thy sons preserve,
And give them all the honours they deserve;
What e'er is due, to thy just vot'ries give,
May they be blest, and independent live.
Who merits more, the muse demands to know,
Than he whose art can mitigate our woe?

B

To

To you, ye FAIR! I make my first appeal,
 (Your bosoms surely wo'nt the truth conceal;)
 What makes your breasts with tender pity heave,
 When on the stage you hear MONIMIA grieve?
 Or, when you view the penitential fair,
 Her woes participate, and drop the tear;
 Can ought amuse amid the dire distress?
 Ev'n gay LOTHARIO does not please you less.
 The Muses' power, can chastest hearts alarm,
 And even lend to perfidy a charm.

When you, ye fair, at intervals, peruse,
 The tender sentiments of SAPPHO'S muse;
 Or, should your curious eye, the page survey,
 Where ELOISA pours the plaintive lay;
 Ye must confess, that merit does belong
 To equal numbers, and to lofty song.
 Thus-self convicted, can the cruel fair
 Consign the bard to pen'ry and despair?
 Must he, whose art can sooth the virgin's woe,
 Be less regarded than the empty beau?
 Can barren expletives deserve your care,
 And empty chit-chat entertain the fair?
 Must the dark stair-case be the poet's doom,
 Whilst worthless Cox-combs flutter round the room?
 Forbid it ladies! drive the fopling hence,
 And let respect be shewn to men of sense.

Ye British youth, who sport in PINDUS' shades,
 And hold soft daliance with th' AONION maids ;
 Say, is there ought that can amuse the mind ;
 Or fire the soul, like sentiment refin'd ?
 Can you with languor SPENCER's strains rehearse,
 Or be unmov'd with MILTON's lofty verse ?
 What heart-felt pity does the muse excite,
 When that sweet Bard bewails his loss of sight ?
 The laurel wreath to MILTON must belong,
 No poet since has equal'd him in song.
 Thou too, who sprung'st from * AVON's gentle stream,
 Hast strokes of nature blended in each theme ;
 Yet horrid scenes will virtuous minds alarm,
 Whilst milder images are sure to charm ;
 Hence THOMSON's lays will never fail to please
 While Spring's gay beauties blossom on the trees ;
 Each tender tale must every heart engage,
 And young LAVINIA charm each future age.

What ease and dignity thy lines convey,
 Thou friend to truth, thou much lamented GAY !
 But thou O YOUNG ! whom virtue must admire,
 What heav'n-born Seraph gave thy Muse its fire ?
 Thy powerful Muse can each illusion chase,
 While dissipation hides her pallid face ;
 Thy magic lays the kindred passions draw,
 And even profligates are struck with awe.

* Shakespear.

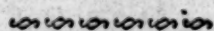
Now

Now since the Muse has such a power to charm,
 To cure the spleen, or frantic rage disarm ;
 Can you in gratitude, your aid refuse
 To patronise the vot'ries of the muse ?
 Is nothing due to him, whose magic power
 Conspires to recreate the lonely hour ?
 Must knavish jugglers too, your favours share,
 Whilst bards (Camelion-like) subsist on air ?
 Must idle vagrants gain the highest prize,
 Whose only merit is, to cheat your eyes ?
 Are those neglected, who, with ardent care,
 Have caught the Landscape of the changeful year ?
 Who, with inspection keen, trace nature through,
 And grateful, hold the portrait to your view ?
 When youthful Spring no longer charms the eye,
 And Summer months, no genial warmth supply ;
 When nature's vest, no more the flowers adorn,
 Nor lark nor thrush, conspire to cheer the morn ;
 When nipping frost, the purling rill congeals,
 And the starv'd nymph but half her face reveals ;
 No chilling frost can the soul's current freeze,
 The muse has still her genuine charms to please.

Small are the joys that cribbage can dispense,
 And love of cards, betrays the want of sense ;
 Delicious banquets leave a sting behind,
 But mental feasts invigorate the mind ;
 True sterling wit, can ev'ry care control,

And

And touch the finer movements of the soul.
 Attend the lays,—you'll in idea, find
 Spring's lovely aspect pictur'd on the mind ;
 Or, shou'd your curious eye the page explore,
 Where rocking whirlwinds drive the ships on shore ;
 When Ocean's azure God, with awful brow,
 Bids all the wat'ry powers beneath him bow ;
 Tho' Earthquakes dire should nature's face deform,
 In tuneful ease you'll view th' ideal storm.
 Thus can the muse the coldest breast enflame,
 And on the frigid soul engrave her deathless NAME !



SPRING, AN ODE.

NOW SPRING's blooming verdure bedecks ev'ry spray,
 All nature delighted the prospect surveys ;
 The birds in loud carrols, salute the young day,
 And SOL with fresh vigour, increases his blaze.

The lark and the thrush, and the gay linet, strive
 Who loudest can trill their sweet notes thro' the vale ;
 Whilst the fond bird of eve has a lay to contrive,
 That shall with soft pity each bosom assail.

'Mid the vernal enchantment, where nature's all love,
 The cuckoo now joins her known voice in the song,
 Protract simple songster! thy stay in the grove—
 But thy reign harmless visitant, must not be long.

Observe thro' the brake, how the pea-blossoms blow,
 The hedges bepowder'd, how lovely they seem;
 That butterfly see how it hovers below!
 To pillage each sweet, or to share the Sun's beam.

The provident BEE, ASSIDUITY's child,
 Extracts from the wild thyme, each chemical sweet;
 Takes a tithe from the broom, on the mountain so wild,
 Then hies with impatience to find its retreat.

Now the herds low their passion, the flocks bleat their loves,
 (Inspir'd by the influence of nature's mild reign;)
 Contentment now reigns thro' the fields and the groves,
 Shall man, nature's master-piece, dare to complain?

O man! self-deluded! bid reason arise,
 Relinquish the bottle, that foe to the brain;
 With the fair face of nature now banquet thine eyes,
 And share all her sweets, for they teem on the plain.

Thou'rt form'd with a mind, which, improv'd with due care,
 Would lead thee to pleasures, that still should be new;
 Since thy time's circumscribed, ah! why wilt thou dare,
 (Thy self still defrauding) false raptures pursue.

Taste

Taste nature's gay beauties whilst yet they appear,
 The transient allurements too soon will be flown;
 The summer of life is like that of the year,
 It blossoms—then ripens—then fades, and is gone!

Learn hence thoughtless mortal! to husband each hour,
 The lapse imperceptibly, steals thee from joy;
 Embrace lovely TEMP'RANCE, whilst yet in thy power,
 She'll lead thee to raptures that TIME can't destroy.

~~~~~

### ODE, ON MAY.

AGAIN lovely MAIA, fair daughter of Spring!  
 Reviv'st the Isle where the Muses resort;  
 The ploughman and milkmaid delightfully sing,  
 Nor envy the sycophants cringing at court.

See how the pale primroses chequer the ground,  
 While myriads of daisies promiscuously blow;  
 The cowslips now shed their sweet odours around,  
 Or bloom 'neath the hedge where the hazel trees grow.

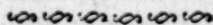
There 's nought in the garden, tho' cultur'd with care,  
 Can with these in the charms of simplicity vie;  
 The fam'd polyanthus may flaunt it in air,  
 And let the auricula pleasure the eye;

The

The dark-purple'd vi'let more charms can dispense  
 Whilst blended luxuriant the clover among;  
 Shall bloom thro' the season, and ravish the sense,  
 When the garden's frail flow'rets shall live but in song.

All nature seems jocund; the birds on each spray  
 In kind emulation now lengthen their notes;  
 The black bird pours out his mellifluous lay,  
 While the lark and the linet are straining their throats.

O! hail lovely Maia! that lead'ft the young hours  
 To sport in thy shades, and regal'ft them with song;  
 Meantime shall the Naiades embellish thy bowers,  
 Till JUNO, bright Goddess! brings SUMMER along.



VERSES, TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. DAWSON.  
 ADDRESSED TO LEV. COLONEL DAWSON, CHELSEA  
 COLLEGE.

AND shall the Muse on airy pinions rove?  
 Shall trifling themes employ her tuneful art?  
 No! — leave a while the Nymph and rural swain,  
 And to intrinsic worth, thy meed impart.

The task be thine, to paint a transient view,  
 To trace the features of her lovely mind;  
 Which, no illib'ral act did e'er pursue,  
 But breath'd a gen'ral love to humankind.

In



In converse easy, free from sullen pride,  
 From affectation's supercilious air;  
 Which still betrays whate'er it means to hide,  
 And throws a tarnish on the british fair.

Her ears were shut to envy's slanderous tongue,  
 That base promulger of malignant lies;  
 Yet always felt for those who suffer'd wrong,  
 And cherish'd merit in its humblest guise.

The latent virtues that enrich'd her mind,  
 Shone most conspicuous in domestic life;  
 Her constant heart was uniformly kind,  
 The chaste companion, and the faithful wife.

The Muses too, were not beneath her care,  
 When virtues themes employ'd the Poet's art;  
 If ought of merit struck her candid ear,  
 Her faithful partner still must bear a part.

Nor ought of Nature's works sublime or great,  
 Escap'd th' observance of her curious eye;  
 The nat'ral cascade, or the cool retreat,  
 The stream, th' extensive lawn, or mountain high.

Tho' she wou'd deign t' approve the poet's lay,  
 And relish pleasures of the rural kind;  
 When duty call'd, she nobly could display,  
 The genuine ardor of a † PORTIA's mind.

† Portia, wife of Brutus.

When

When baleful discord rose in foreign land,  
 And call'd our Legions from their native home ;  
 Thou did'st not scorn to join the radiant band,  
 And o'er th' untrodden heath undaunted roam.

The spouse of HECTOR, with maternal love,  
 Dissuades the Hero from the hostile field ;  
 But nought could his intrepid spirit move,  
 He felt the force of tears, yet scorn'd to yield ;

But thou, with amazonian courage blest,  
 Like \* EDWARD's noble Queen, did'st boldly dare ;  
 To leave the pleasing haunts of downy rest ;  
 And, with thy consort, every danger share.

No fear appall'd thee on the boist'rous seas,  
 When on th' ATLANTIC wave the vessel rode ;  
 The sense of duty did thy cares appease,  
 Thy confidence was plac'd in nature's GOD.

He who sustain'd thee on the per'lous wave,  
 Did safely land thee on thy native shore ;  
 Display'd the hand, for ever prompt to save,  
 Then clos'd thy eyes in sleep—to wake no more !

And thou, lone mourner, deign to be reliev'd,  
 Nor dare indulge the unavailing tear ;  
 Thou had'st her aid, when aid was best receiv'd ;  
 In every trying hour, she still was near.

\* Philippa, Queen of Edward III. who accompanied that gallant Prince in his Wars, and was with him at the memorable siege of Calais. He

In foreign climes, and regions far remote,  
Shut from the social converse of mankind;  
To her thou did'st impart thy inmost thought,  
In her a faithful confident did'st find.

'Twas bliss, 'twas transient bliss! too quickly o'er!  
Alas! how circumscrib'd are earthly joys!  
She, like a guardian angel's gone before,  
And left this empty World of pomp and noise!

This moral hence let ev'ry mortal hear,  
(Nor let the solemn truth be urg'd in vain;)  
"Be humble still, th' omniscient God revere,  
"Tis peace on earth, and your eternal gain."

If virtuous, whilst we draw this vital air,  
Why should unmanly fears our minds enthrall?  
Fair hope's bright shield shall blunt the shaft of death,  
And the grim tyrant of his sting disarm.

ARTS AND FAME.

INDULGENT Nature to her children kind,  
Gave Arts, t' amuse and cultivate the mind;  
Left application languor should excite,  
She bade th' ingenious in the toil delight.  
Th' esteem'd proficient, anxious for a name,  
Heaps toil on toil to gain the breath of fame;  
Th' illusive form at distance still we view,  
And tho' she flies us yet we still pursue.

ODE



## ODE TO JUNE. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.

SWEET MAY, with all her blooming charms, is past,  
 Fled like a meteor, from th' astonish'd eye;  
 See JUNO now advance with eager haste,  
 While sultry breezes shew the Goddess nigh;  
 Hail lovely JUNE! thy presence I revere;  
 Thou love-inspiring month, that glad'st the smiling year!

For thee fair MAIA opes the swelling buds,  
 And wafts their fragrant odours thro' the air;  
 She knows thou lov'st to haunt th' embow'ring woods,  
 And taste the sweets she kindly blossom'd there;  
 Where joyous songsters hop from spray to spray,  
 Love turns their throats, love modulates their lay.

But hark! what notes are these that strike the ear?  
 The lark his early matin has begun;  
 See with what majesty he mounts the air,  
 And spreads his plumage to the rising sun!  
 Now various accents cheer each wood and plain,  
 While ECHO still repeats each melting strain.

Myriads of insects in the Sun-beams dance,  
 Or on the leafy foliage sportive stray;  
 In quick succession, myriads more advance;  
 To share the influence of the Solar ray:  
 Unnumber'd swarms in humid grottos lie,  
 That mock the search of philosophic eye.

All

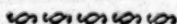
All nature teems with life—the fluid air  
 Is life itself, (tho' strange the thought may seem;)   
 Each dew-drop has its finny squadron there,  
 That range, like fish, in the translucent stream;  
 Where ends the chain of life? Ye sages, say,  
 Where shall we find unanimated clay?

Great SOURCE OF ALL! thy wonders sing of THEE,  
 Thou mad'st all creatures, and of various kind;  
 Thy wisdom fixt a barrier to the sea;  
 Thou gav'st perception to the human mind:  
 Objects inanimate display thy power,  
 But MAN alone thy wonders can explore.

Yet men there are, who, deaf to nature's call,  
 Survey creation with incurious eye;  
 Who, with indiff'rence view the seasons roll,  
 Nor ever know the sympathetic sigh;  
 May souls like these, their grov'ling taste improve,  
 Nor dare profane the sacred haunts of love!

To flee, at Noon, the Sun's meridian rage,  
 Down by the riv'let's margin let me stray;  
 There chant O Pope! thy moralizing page,  
 Or Thomson, thine! enamour'd with thy lay;  
 Where genuine wit with solid sense combin'd,  
 Improve the taste, and harmonize the mind.

Hail native Britain! nurse of lib'ral arts!  
 May'st thou uninjur'd, brave the shocks of Time;  
 May'st thou with lenient balm subdue the hearts  
 Of those who now possess the western clime;  
 With them combin'd, thou shalt no danger know,  
 Nor dread the insults of the GALLIC foe.



TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JAMES WALLACE, ESQ.  
 ATTORNEY GENERAL; OF CARLETON HALL, IN  
 CUMBERLAND.

LET venal Bards, to sooth a patron's ear,  
 In adulation smooth, and fulsome rhyme,  
 Bestrew with flowers, the dang'rous paths of vice,  
 Extol ignoble deeds in gilded phrase,  
 Blasting the buds of innocence and truth;  
 My pensive Muse, with gratitude imprest,  
 Attempts a noble theme. With ardor pants  
 To pay that tribute, which may not disgrace  
 The mem'ry she reveres. — Who can refuse  
 To shed a gen'rous tear o'er the remains  
 Of such transcendent merit. Wallace! thou  
 Wilt stand recorded in each grateful mind  
 That shar'd thy virtuous friendship, and the poor  
 Must long lament in thee, their common friend!  
 Whose lib'ral eye survey'd the various scenes  
 That chequer life; and always fought



T' allay the miseries that mortals share;  
 T' encourage industry, yet soften toil  
 By every lenient aid.—In early life  
 Averse to folly, and the low pursuits  
 That fetter youthful minds, and choke the seeds  
 Of virtuous emulation; wisely he  
 Pursu'd the radiant track that leads to honour.  
 His studious mind monopoliz'd the lore  
 Of ancient sages. Law's mysterious page  
 Unfolded to his view her ample stores:  
 He study'd these with unabated zeal;  
 Revolving in his thought the num'rous tracts  
 Of British Legislators. Painful search!  
 But Emulous to reach the destin'd Goal,  
 Pursu'd the toil, investigating truth,  
 Detecting error and ambiguous phrase,  
 The bane of solid sense. Accomplish'd thus,  
 He grac'd the Bar, and gain'd th' applausive voice  
 Of all his learn'd compeers. Then, MANSFIELD! thou  
 Survey'd his tow'ring Soul; nor saw in vain.  
 Beneath thy cautious penetrating eye,  
 Superior merit always found a friend.  
 Hence at the Bar, or in the SENATE, he  
 Discuss'd each knotty point, or gave advice,  
 In each important exigence of STATE.  
 Nor let the Muse omit to celebrate  
 The private virtues that endear'd his name.  
 A tender father he, and faithful spouse,

Reflecting

Reflecting honour on conjugal love !  
 Thro' all his conduct genuine greatness shone.  
 His ear was open to the just complaint  
 Of Penury distress'd ; and anxious still  
 To rescue merit from oblivion's shade,  
 And cultivate the arts that polish life ;  
 Hence many a youth that basks in fortune's smile,  
 May bless the hand that rais'd him from the plough.

But most in rural works his bounty flow'd ;  
 And, whilst he rais'd a monument of taste,  
 Rewarded generously, the Artist's toil.  
 Hence rose those Gardens, which may justly vie,  
 With famous CHATSWORTH, or renowned STOWE.  
 He plann'd the terrace walk, the winding vale,  
 Encircling EMONT STREAM ; whence we survey  
 A goodly landscape, form'd of hill and dale,  
 And † PEMBROKE's ruins rising on the sight.  
 Here let the muse each winding lab'rinth trace,  
 Regale each ravish'd sense ; and thence ascend  
 To that fair \* Structure, which o'er looks with pride,  
 The various product of POMONO's, grove.  
 Nor leave unsung the curious † Work of Art,  
 That gives new powers to vegetative life,  
 Nursing exotics ; and, with fost'ring warmth,

† Brougham Castle, said to have been formerly the residence of the Countess of Pembroke.

\* The green-house, in this elegant garden.

† The hot-house.

Matures

Matures the PINE; brings forth the tender FIG;  
 And bids the swelling GRAPE luxuriant grow.  
 Here, Art assisting Nature, brings to view,  
 The various fruits of many a distant clime,  
 And INDIA'S fragrance breathes in CARLETON shades.

But what avails it tho' with nicest taste  
 He rais'd the Mound, built high the gay Alcove,  
 Plann'd the green walk, or bade the shrubb'ry smile?  
 For him they bloom no more. Yet may we hope  
 His progeny may view the Sylvan Scenes,  
 And form their minds to relish rural charms.  
 Hail youthful pair! And may you long survive  
 Your honour'd Sire; his noble virtues share;  
 His innate worth, his mild philanthropy;  
 Diffusing, like a stream, your goodness round.  
 So may those shades their verdure still maintain,  
 And CARLETON flourish in unrivall'd bloom.—

~~~~~

SUMMER, AN ODE.

IF on the favour'd sons of earth,
 Are such superior gifts bestow'd;
 And man, the moment of his birth,
 Lives thro' the suff'rage of his GOD:

Then,

Then, as the transient moments roll,
 That wake to life his genial powers,
 While reason's rays illumine the soul,
 And health smiles on his early hours:
 Let heav'n-born gratitude his breast enflame,
 To that superior power, that plann'd the wond'rous frame.

'Tis he who bids the pleasing Spring
 In all the pride of youth appear;
 Her annual buds and blossoms bring,
 To decorate the infant year;
 'Tis he who bids mild Summer's reign,
 With fost'ring warmth mature the soil;
 Pourtrays the form of fruits and grain;
 And animates the peasant's toil;
 Nor does the night its welcome aid refuse,
 But mitigates the heat with moist'ning dew.

Ah! MILTON! could my languid wing
 To thy exalted flights arise;
 I'd sing the great creator's King,
 Who built the fabric of the Skies;
 But 'tis to thee, the strains belong,
 That still enchant th' admiring age;
 The graces revel in thy song,
 And virtuous THOMSON's glowing page;
 There merit shines in native robes array'd,
 And well-earn'd plaudits sooth each silent shade.

Already

Already has this rolling sphere,
 Near half his revolution made;
 More glad'ning prospects now appear,
 And plenty laughs in ev'ry shade;
 The jocund youth with vacant mind,
 Enjoys the sweets that temp'rance brings;
 Beneath the haw-thorn sits reclin'd,
 And with unfeigned rapture sings;
 Whilst o'er his head the waving poplar bends,
 Or the large oak his ample shade extends.

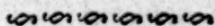
Now Summer's fervor rages round,
 The Sun darts fierce his burning rays;
 The beasts now seek the covert ground,
 And nature pants beneath the blaze;
 But when at eve the dews descend,
 And grateful, cool the parched soil;
 How sweet the converse of a friend;
 T' unbend the mind, and ease your toil!
 Where the rapt soul may genuine truths impart,
 Nor utter ought that's foreign to the heart.

Nor are these gifts for man alone,
 Tho' he enjoys the noblest part,
 If reason but maintains her throne,
 And soft compassion sways the heart;
 He then would spurn the impious thought
 That prompts to wound the feather'd throng;

To point the tube with nitre fraught,
 And interrupt their artless song;
 Then would insatiate man his rage restrain,
 Nor gall the † Bull, the monarch of the plain,

Wou'd ye be brave? believe the muse,
 And gain the suff'rage of the fair;
 T' insult the vanquish'd still refuse;
 The truly brave will ever spare.—
 But let fair FREEDOM's sacred name,
 To every Briton still be dear;
 Be greatly brave; assert your claim,
 And every darling right revere;
 Preserve inviolate, your Country's Laws,
 Nor yield, ev'n with your breath, the glorious cause.

† Alluding to the savage practice of Bull-baiting.



MIDSUMMER-DAY, A PASTORAL POEM.

THE month of fair Venus is fled,
 Sweet MAIA has quitted the scene,
 Bright JUNO now visits the shade,
 And smiles at the nymphs on the green;
 Who, now in simplicity drest,
 Walk careless abroad in the morn;
 A flow'ret now graces each breast,
 And health does their faces adorn.

Tho'

Tho' plumage ne'er nods on their heads,
 Yet these can enamour the heart;
 For beauty resides in the shades,
 Where nature surpasses all art:
 The Goddess in rapture surveys,
 Nor can her attention remove;
 "Thy Daughters, Britannia", she says,
 "Shall hence be the Daughters of Love."

Thus saying, she wav'd her fair hand,
 Dame FLORA attends at her call;
 "Sweet odours diffuse o'er the land,
 "And all thy gay carpet unroll.
 "For this is my festival day,
 "The zenith of all my mild reign;
 "Ye birds swell your notes on each spray,
 "Rejoice ev'ry Nymph with her swain.

‘ But first cull a chaplet with speed,
 "An elegant garland compose;
 "Take a slip from each flower of the field;
 ‘ In the midst place my favourite rose;
 "And lastly, each sense to invite,
 "Let blossoms of haw-thorn be seen;
 "Let the myrtle and wood-bine unite,
 "And thyme deck the margin with green."—

Bright

Bright Phœbus's heart-cheering rays;
 The dews from the meadows exhale;
 As fiercer and potent the blaze,
 The cattle all scud thro' the vale;
 Now let me retire to the shade,
 Beneath the oak's umbrage recline;
 Invoke the coy muse to my aid,
 Whilst nature with art I define.

Now flutter the insects abroad,
 In all their bright pageantry gay;
 The bee now returns with his load,
 How transient alas! is their day!
 Yet these are endu'd with quick sense,
 Like thee, they share pleasure and pain;
 Be humble, vain mortal! and hence,
 From barbarous actions refrain.

The stock-doves immur'd in the vale,
 Observe how they murmur their loves;
 No turbulent passions assail,
 Such constancy reigns in the groves;
 Ev'n simple endearments like these,
 Give joy to the rational mind,
 For tenderness always must please
 The man whose ideas are refin'd,

The cataract, heard from afar,
 With vigour inspirits my lay;
 Let me nature's suff'rages share,
 I ask not a sprig from the bay;
 Tho' simple and artless the strain,
 Thy beauties Oh! Summer! I sing;
 Shou'd virtue make me of her train,
 A yearly oblation I'd bring.

Sequester'd and far in the vale,
 Beneath the umbrageous retreat,
 Palemon rehearſes his tale,
 And sighs at his Phillis's feet;
 Unpractis'd in treacherous arts,
 The virgin his paſſion approves;
 The ſmiles of content ſhe imparts,
 And Hymen rewards their fond LOVES.

~~~~~

#### MOTTO, FOR A WATCH.

THIS ſmall machine, th' effect of human ſkill,  
 Moves as impell'd, but has not power to WILL;  
 And he, who all its various parts deſign'd,  
 Ca'nt trace one movement of the human mind;  
 But HE who gave the mind its thinking power,  
 Can make it ACT, when TIME ſhall be no more.

PARRIDEL'S



PARRIDEL'S COMPLAINT; OR, THE LAUDABLE  
RESOLUTION: A PASTORAL.

*In Imitation of Shenstone.*

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
Who wanton it over the plains;  
Reject not my innocent lay,  
But listen to PARRIDEL's strains;  
Time was, when you eagerly strove,  
Who most could my music prolong;  
When I chanted sweet sonnets of love,  
Ye always applauded my song.

Young PHILLIS too, join'd in the train,  
While CORRYDON clasped her waist;  
Heav'n knows how I envy'd the swain,  
The joys of so sweet a repast;  
To seize her fond heart by surprise,  
My musical pow'rs I'd exert;  
Expecting a glance from her eyes,  
To cherish the flame in my heart.

O! tell me (for ye can declare,)  
How 'tentive she listen'd the while;  
And, when she approv'd of an air;  
She'd kindly vouchsafe me a smile:  
Enraptur'd, I join'd in the dance,  
Young PHIL' seem'd reserved and coy;  
Yet I constru'd each trivial glance,  
As a prelude to rapturous joy.

When

When gardens were just in their prime,  
 How ardent I've labour'd the strain,  
 Expecting that Flow'rets and rhyme,  
 Some favour with PHILLIS might gain;  
 Then quickly I'd hie to the bower,  
 My well-chosen song to rehearse;  
 And, as I selected each flower,  
 Recited its beauties in verse.

Yet none of them all must compare,  
 Or dare with my charmer to vie;  
 The vi'lets must droop in despair,  
 The wood-bines and eglantines die.  
 Her breath I'd compare to the sweets  
 Which pinks in a morning diffuse;  
 And many more pretty conceits  
 Excap'd not my vigilant muse.

A smile, I accepted as praise,  
 (So fond is a swain that's in love!)  
 I've thought she esteemed my lays,  
 But could not my person approve;  
 A swain, uninspir'd by the muse,  
 Young STEPHON, who liv'd in the vale,  
 Had a person no nymph could refuse,  
 And PHILLIS—she heard his fond tale!

D

And

And now it recurs to my mind,  
 (Ah! wou'd I had ne'er known the day!)  
 When the lads and the lasses where join'd,  
 And the birds fung aloud on the spray;  
 When I too, resumed my place,  
 And pip'd, while young PHILLIDA fung;  
 The graces all play'd round her face,  
 While her voice did each accent prolong.

But why shou'd I languish in vain?  
 Young PHILLIS is deaf to my moan;  
 Why should I forsake the gay plain,  
 And wander these deserts alone?  
 Young CORRYDON travers'd these shades,  
 Abandon'd to grief and despair;  
 Frequented these fountains and glades,  
 Undone by the frowns of my fair.

Let me some new project pursue,  
 That soon may fresh vigour impart;  
 My health and complexion renew,  
 And drive fullen grief from heart.  
 'Tis granted young PHILLIS has charms,  
 Yet these are to STREPHON resign'd;  
 Me, Sylvia invites to her arms,  
 I'll fly, and give grief to the wind.



## THE FORLORN SHEPHERD, A PASTORAL.

HOW blest were my moments, how sweet did they glide,  
 The seasons, how sweet did they pass!  
 When peace smil'd upon me, and close by my side,  
 Sat HEBE, my favourite lass!

The poets all tell us that VENUS is fair,  
 That PALLAS has grace in her mien;  
 Their words are but fiction, and light <sup>as</sup> the air,  
 But HEBE's perfections I've seen.

Assist me rememb'rance, to paint the sweet maid,  
 The traits of fair HEBE display;  
 Whose beauty surpast all the nymphs of the shade,  
 The morn she was Queen of the MAY;

A garland of roses, besprinkled with dew,  
 Around her bright forehead was bound;  
 Whilst busy-wing'd zephyrs, to fan the nymph, flew,  
 And wafted sweet odours around.

Her beautiful tresses, as black as a sloe,  
 Her fine-falling shoulders did deck;  
 And formed a contrast, that sweetly did shew,  
 The delicate white of her neck!

Her eyes spoke a meekness, and dignity too,  
 That scorn'd to coquet or beguile;  
 As virtue was always the object in view,  
 She wore a beneficent smile.

Her

Her cheeks—but ah! were a poet to write,  
 He'd talk of the roses new-blown;—  
 To tell you they blush'd, and enraptur'd the sight,  
 Enough of description is shewn.

Her charms were augmented, whene'er the nymph mov'd,  
 So lovely, so graceful, her mien;  
 No wonder a shepherd such innocence lov'd,  
 For HEBE appear'd like a queen.

Such was my dear HEBE, and O! what delight,  
 Her delicate answers convey'd;  
 Whenever I prest her my toils to requite,  
 And render me blest in the shade!

Oft times, to amuse, as we 'tended our sheep,  
 Some well-chosen song I'd rehearse;  
 If virtue was wounded, my charmer wou'd weep,  
 For HEBE delighted in verse.

Thus blest with her presence, no sorrows I knew,  
 Her love all my labours beguil'd;  
 Ev'n PAN seem'd delighted such raptures to view,  
 And sylvan SIMPLICITY smil'd!

How short-liv'd and transient alas! was my joy,  
 Fate bade me those blisses forego;  
 And told me that pleasures, unmixt with alloy,  
 Pertended a period of woe.

The fatal prediction extorted a sigh,  
 A sigh which I strove to suppress;  
 But HEBE perceiv'd it, and instant did cry,  
 "What motive can cause thy distress?"

'Twas now I dissembled, and feigned a smile,  
 (Determin'd my sorrows to hide)  
 "Ah! shou'd you" (said I,) "your fond Damon beguile?  
 "Now tell me the cause that I sigh'd?"

Th' evasion succeeded, the nymph seemed pleas'd  
 The incense accepts at her shrine;  
 And now for a moment, my bosom was eas'd,  
 For HEBE declar'd she'd be mine!

Her innocent blandishments stole on my soul,  
 And banish'd reflection the while;  
 For Fate, when she means human bliss to control,  
 Begins the attack with a smile.

For Ah! fatal eve! I remember it still,  
 As late I return'd from the fold;  
 By the verge of a stream, at the foot of a hill,  
 Where revel'd the fishes of gold;

I saw, by the light of the Moon's gentle ray,  
 My fair one reclin'd on the grass;  
 The lustre, that erst her fair cheeks did display,  
 Did rise, and alternately pass!

I rais'd



T rais'd her, (for who cou'd the office refrain ?)  
 And homewards the nymph I convey'd ;  
 But Oh ! how it tortur'd my bosom with pain,  
 When thus to her shepherd she said ;

“ For this friendly office (I think 'tis the last,  
 “ I e'er from thy hand shall receive ;)  
 “ I thank thee ! — and as to the joys that are past,  
 “ Prithee' fond swain do not grieve !

“ I see (but why should I sharpen thy grief ?)  
 “ The menacing aspect of death !  
 “ It is not in mortals to grant me relief,  
 “ Or lengthen the date of my breath !

“ Lov'd shepherd ! let this feeble effort suffice,  
 “ Accept my last final farewell !” —  
 Her meek gentle spirit then fled to the skies,  
 Where truth and sincerity dwell.

Now pensive and sad, at the close of each day,  
 To her silent grave I repair ;  
 And cull the sweet flow'rets, as onward I stray,  
 To strew round the tomb of my fair !—

AN ELEGY, ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON, WHO  
DIED AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

O ! the soft commerce ! O ! the tender ties !  
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart ! — YOUNG.

CEASE, cease my friend ! 'tis impious thus to grieve,  
Exert the man, when gloomy thoughts invade ;  
Nor lonely wander each returning eve,  
Beneath the cypress' melancholy shade.

For know, that power who form'd thee as thou art,  
(Endu'd with reason's intellectual ray ;)  
Has but withdrawn the gift he did impart ;  
'Tis thine, in meek submission, to obey.

This truth observe, " whatever is, is right,"  
The shafts of adverse fortune learn to brave ;  
Let future joys to nobler thoughts excite,  
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave."

Ah ! little know'st thou, speculative swain,  
The poignant tortures tender parents feel ;  
Experience only can that knowledge gain,  
The force of words but faintly can reveal.

I've lost — but O ! thou know'st the mournful tale !  
Thou knew'st the object of my partial care ;  
Hast thou not led him thro' the flowery vale :  
Then fondly strove the ravish'd kifs to share ?

But

But soft, my muse — nor touch that tender string —  
 The sad rememb'rance pains my bleeding heart ;  
 More solemn scenes I now attempt to sing,  
 And all my feelings to my friend impart.

When death, fell monster ! mark'd his blooming prey,  
 And ruthless, sent his delegated train ;  
 The lovely victim made one faint essay,  
 To rise triumphant, and relinquish pain.

Alas ! in vain ! the unrelenting foe,  
 (With whom, nor tears nor innocence cou'd plead !)  
 To aid his triumph, intercepts the blow,  
 E'er long to fall on his devoted head !

What could I do ? I cull'd the garden's pride,  
 And hop'd a garland wou'd my FLORIO please ;  
 The flow'rets now their wonted joys deny'd,  
 Nor could dispense one interval of ease.

Perplex'd, alarm'd, with eager haste I flew,  
 From ÆSCULAPIUS' Sons I sought relief :  
 But none alas ! the dire disorder knew,  
 Each weak surmise did but augment my grief !

Oft have I stole, with circumspective tread,  
 Close to the couch where lovely FLORIO lay ;  
 Implor'd my God to grant his gracious meed,  
 And smoothe his passage to eternal day !

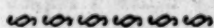
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The same request, I frequent did renew ;  
 Th' almighty heard (for fervent was my prayer !)  
 His spotless soul thro' Heav'n's wide portals flew ;  
 Thus love consummate, lent a lenient ear.

Yes ! thou art gone ! thou ever blessed shade !  
 Thou tasted'st death, tho' stinging was the dart ;  
 To make thee blest thy dear REDEEMER bled,  
 O'er thee, the second death shall have no part !

I now no more shall chant the chearful strain,  
 Nor sit delighted in the fragrant grove ;  
 Nor tune my reed to sing of MYRA'S pain,  
 A nobler object must engage my love. —



THE DISCONSOLATE SHEPHERDESS, A PASTORAL.

NO nymph e'er enjoy'd a more tranquil retreat,  
 Than fortune bestow'd to my lot,  
 My lambkins wou'd gambol and sport at my feet,  
 Contentment still smil'd on my cot.

I envy'd not others, tho' favour'd with wealth,  
 Nor pride nor ambition I knew ;  
 I always enjoy'd the sweet comforts of health,  
 My moments still cheerfully flew.

If

If a turbulent passion e'er seem'd to invade,  
 (For who will not passions assail)  
 I'd quickly retire to the heart-soothing shade;  
 T' improve from the nightingale's tale.

When AURORA, bright goddess! appear'd in the east,  
 And the lark sung aloud her mild reign;  
 My flocks wou'd repair to their morning's repast,  
 And sport on the fresh dewy plain.

Well-pleas'd, I beheld the sweet innocents play,  
 And smil'd at the gambols they made;  
 But when the Sun shone with too potent a ray,  
 These wiflings I drove to the shade.

As once to the primrosy bank I repair'd,  
 (The place ever sacred to love!)  
 Young DAMON there met me, his passion declar'd,  
 In a strain which my heart did approve.

Excuse a fond maid that's a stranger to art,  
 If the youth's lovely form I pourtray;  
 At least, an imperfect description impart,  
 For who can his graces display?

His broad manly forehead, embrown'd with the Sun,  
 Had ne'er known a wrinkle or frown,  
 The tresses that did the dear youth so adorn,  
 In ringlets flow'd gracefully down.

His eyes they were azure, delightful to view!  
 Thro' which, beam'd the traits of his mind;  
 Spoke a heart which the arts of deceit never knew,  
 But always was pure and refin'd.

The cheeks of my swain, were with down overspread,  
 And blush'd like the rose on the thorn;  
 His breath diffus'd odours, which instantly fled,  
 And mixt with the sweets of the morn'!

T'have heard the dear youth who was form'd so complete,  
 (The object of nature's fond care;)  
 On his pipe breathe the sonnet, in accents so sweet,  
 Might the heart of a goddess ensnare.

I sing my experience, tho' languid the strain,  
 More languid the sequel will prove!  
 No more shall I taste the sweet joys of the plain,  
 Since torn from my arms is my love!

Full oft wou'd my swain, (when impell'd by the heat,  
 Of PHŒBUS, great regent of day)  
 Repair to the river, his fav'rite retreat,  
 There lave the cool moments away.

One bright sunny morn, as I drove forth my flock,  
 The health-giving sweets to inhale;  
 When lo! on a sudden, my heart felt a shock,  
 And a murm'ring ran thro' the vale.

The



The flocks of young DAMON promiscuously ran,  
 Wide scatter'd, and bleating amain;  
 And all seem'd the haunt of their shepherd to shun,  
 Whilst terror o'erspread the wide plain!

O! Heavens! I exclaim'd, and I sprung thro' the brake,  
 The birds in sad concert did mourn;  
 For DAMON, ah! luckless! had stray'd to the lake,  
 Alas! never more to return!

Ye nymphs, who preside o'er the pure limpid stream,  
 Or rove the green willows among;  
 Make the woes of young DAMON your favourite theme,  
 For DAMON delighted in song.

And, should your soft music, ah! hopeless the strain!  
 E'er wake the dear shade of my love!  
 Oh! waft him with speed o'er the cold dewy plain,  
 To sooth a sad nymph in the grove.

PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF CAMBRAY'S TELEMA-  
 CHUS, ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

IN silent grief CALYPSO pensive fate,  
 And mourn'd in tears, ULYSSES' hapless fate;  
 Th' immortal form she wore did but increase  
 Her inward woe, and murder'd all her peace.  
 The grot', that erst with pleasing accents rung,

Repeats

Repeats the wailings of the goddess' tongue.  
 " Shall I, ( she said ))" such rankling tortures prove,  
 " And share the sorrows of a hopeless love?"—  
 When rage subsides, and milder passions reign,  
 She silent walks along the flowery plain;  
 (For here the Gods, propitious to this isle,  
 Bade Spring eternal on her valleys smile.)  
 The blooming meadows and the fragrant groves,  
 Not the least portion of her grief removes;  
 But wakes th' idea of their former loves!  
 As thus she sat, and bath'd the beach with tears,  
 Before her eyes a shatter'd bark appears;  
 A rudder now, and now a broken oar,  
 And masts and cordage float along the shore.  
 To view such wreck th' afflicted goddess sigh'd;  
 When lo! two men at distance she descry'd;  
 One aged seem'd, the other graceful mov'd,  
 And bore the semblance of the man she lov'd;  
 His graceful aspect and majestic air,  
 Too strongly prov'd ULYSSES' Son was there;  
 She knew the hero, who such laurels won,  
 And trac'd his features in his darling Son.  
 Her inward joy the goddess now suppress,  
 And thus the young TELEMACHUS, address.  
 " What strange delusion could your hearts beguile,  
 To land presumptuous on CALYPSO's isle?  
 But know, young stranger, e'er you reach the main,  
 I'll pay your rash temerity with pain!"

In vain the goddess labour'd to disguise,  
 The ardent love that sparkled in her eyes.  
 The youth observ'd the softness of her eye,  
 And with resistless grace did thus reply.

"IMMORTAL POWER! a gracious ear incline,  
 " (Your looks bespeak your origin divine ;)   
 " Commiserate a youth whom filial love,  
 " Thus prompts, amid the wat'ry world to rove!  
 " I seek my father, whom the fates have driv'n,  
 " O'er rocks and seas, the sport of ang'ry heav'n!  
 " If yet he lives, I've labour'd to explore,  
 " Till fate relentless, cast me on this shore ;  
 " Our hopes alas! are with our vessel lost,  
 " For both are wreck'd upon your peaceful coast."—  
 " Who is your father?" said th' immortal maid ;  
 (Who seem'd mov'd with what the stranger said :)  
 " ULYSSES is his name," (the youth rejoin'd,)   
 " A name for ever graven on my mind;  
 " He's one of those great kings, who now enjoy,  
 " Th' immortal fame of having conquer'd TROY!  
 " My father's name is thro' all GREECE renown'd,  
 " As much for wisdom as for valour crown'd !  
 " Alas ! he wanders now o'er distant seas !  
 " Nor will the ang'ry Gods their rage appease !  
 " His wife PENELOPE, in silent grief,  
 " His fate laments, nor hopes to find relief ;  
 " And I, his son, whom fate has hither driven,

" Hope



" Hope only to behold his face in heaven :  
 " But if to you O goddess ! it be known,  
 " What destiny has with my father done ;  
 " In pity to my youth and tender years,  
 " Inform me straight, and dry up all my tears."—

As thus the Hero did his woes recite,  
 CALYPSO's bosom glow'd with soft delight :  
 His youthful bloom her tender bosom mov'd,  
 His fate she pity'd, and his form she lov'd ;  
 His manly wisdom fill'd her with surprize,  
 Nor from him scarcely could she turn her eyes ;  
 In silent wonder she the youth survey'd ;  
 Then with a smile, thus to the hero said ;

" Suspend your grief, your prince, whilst I relate  
 " What various woes on great ULYSSES wait ;  
 " The tale is long, you're now with toil oppress'd,  
 " And weary'd nature calls aloud for rest ;  
 " Due respite then, here in my grotto take,  
 " And I'll protect you for your father's sake ;  
 " Take comfort here, all toils and dangers shun,  
 " And you shall be as my adopted Son ;  
 " Here dwell secure, where dangers ne'er annoy,  
 " And with CALYPSO share immortal joy !"

Her soothing words such raptures did impart,  
 As pierc'd resistless, to the hero's heart.  
 With graceful ease she trod the verdant ground,  
 And far surpass'd in height, the nymphs around.

So

So stands the oak, that mocks the western breeze,  
 And lifts its branches 'bove th' adjacent trees.  
 Her hair was bound with negligence behind,  
 And in soft ringlets, wanton'd in the wind.  
 The dazzling lustre of her beauteous face,  
 Where sport the loves, and every smiling grace;  
 Her mien majestic, and her loose attire,  
 Subdu'd his heart, and kindled soft desire.  
 Led by the radiance of CALYPSO's eyes,  
 Th' astonish'd hero follow'd with surprize.  
 Th' observant sage, who saw th' impending woe,  
 With down cast eyes, mov'd venerably slow.  
 Meantime the goddess tow'rd the grotto drew,  
 And all the prospect open'd to the view,  
 No silver ornaments their eyes beheld,  
 Or nice devices wrought in beaten gold;  
 No marble col'mns, their glitt'ring rays impart,  
 Nor one faint relic of the painter's art;  
 But nature's charms did here united meet,  
 And made the prospect elegantly neat.  
 The rocky entrance claim'd th' attention most,  
 Adorn'd with shells, in curious forms enboss'd;  
 For tapestry here, the tendrils of the vine,  
 Did all around in beauteous order twine;  
 The arched roof, by simple nature deckt,  
 Did on the eye unnumber'd rays reflect;  
 The purling rills were heard to murmur round.  
 And amaranths and vi'lets deck'd the ground.

Here

Here crystal baths their humid stores unite,  
And throw th' inverted landscape on the fight ;  
Soft breathing zephyrs round the grotto play,  
T' augment the cooling breeze, and temper PHÆBUS' ray.

On all sides round, the strangers now behold,  
The trees, that teem with vegetable gold ;  
These never fade, but always gay appear,  
And bloom incessant thro' the changeful year,  
In verdure clad, they rear their lofty heads,  
Exclude the solar ray, and crown the meads.  
The feather'd warblers from each neighb'ring shade,  
Exalt their notes, and from a serenade.

High on a rock ; adjacent to a wood,  
In stately pride, CALYPSO's grotto stood,  
From whence the eye with rev'rence, might survey  
The pleasing prospect of the boundless sea ;  
Oftimes so smooth the peaceful waters glide,  
That you might view the landscape in the tide ;  
Now swoln with rage, the foaming billows roar,  
And spend their force against the rocky shore.

Not distant far, and adverse to the main,  
A copious river steals along the plain ;  
Hence branching off, in channels, flow around,  
Form flow'ry isles, with lofty poplars crown'd ;

Each



Each various channel steers a different course,  
 Some roll their limpid streams with rapid force;  
 Whilst others strive to reascend their source.—  
 The neighb'ring mounts, the purple grapes adorn,  
 And spread their lustre to the rosy morn,—

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ON THE ARTS OF PENMANSHIP AND ENGRAVING.

WHEN tyrant RICHARD fill'd the British throne,
 The art of Penmanship was scarcely known;
 Till bounteous nature, lib'ral to impart,
 Bade faithful Sculpture aid the Penman's art;
 And thence transmit, with undiminish'd fame,
 A lasting transcript of the Artist's Name.

The passive tool, obsequious to the will,
 Improves the devious traces of the quill;
 With angled point, most exquisitely fine,
 Pursues the flowery dash, or curved line,
 Adds grace to freedom, beauty to design;
 Proceeds with ardour till the work is done,
 And claims applause for merit not its own.
 With instant touch, the roller's magic power,
 Transfers the toil of many a painful hour;
 Tho' instantaneous, yet minutely just,
 Nor is one latent beauty ever lost!
 The rival artists view the piece again,
 And own the Graver supercedes the Pen.

Each

Each eager eye surveys it o'er with care,
 Then, friendly, each the blended merit share,
 And bid the polish'd plate the model bear.

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THE TRANSFORMATION OF MENTOR, FROM THE LAST  
 BOOK OF TELEMACHUS.

THUS MENTOR clos'd his speech—when, soon as done,  
 ITHACAS' prince, impatient to be gone;  
 Now hears with joy, the foaming billows roar,  
 Bids launch the bark, and quit the hateful shore;  
 Meantime the sage, who knew his youthful fire,  
 Retards his steps, and checks his fond desire;  
 Conveys reproof with countenance severe,  
 Then bids the youth two verdant altars rear;  
 Enjoins him straight, an off'ring to prepare,  
 And thank MINERVA for her partial care;  
 Give homage due, for all his laurels won,  
 To the kind guardian of ULYSSES' Son.  
 The altars rais'd, the destin'd victims die,  
 The smoke, in curling wreaths, ascends the Sky.  
 ITHACA's prince, now lifts his eyes to heaven,  
 And thanks the power, for all her favours giv'n;  
 The rites perform'd, the rev'rend MENTOR led  
 The youth reluctant, to the gloomy shade;  
 When lo! a light refulgent from above,  
 Reflects a radiance thro' the fragrant grove;

T

T' augment th' amazing scene, now, quick as thought,  
 In MENTOR's face a wond'rous change is wrought;  
 His rev'rend wrinkles quickly disappear,  
 His eyes no more their usual fierceness wear;  
 The voice of MENTOR is no longer heard,  
 His aged chin resigns the manly beard;  
 Celestial grace adorns his placid brow,  
 His sparkling eyes with heavenly azure glow;  
 His furrow'd features (wond'rous to declare!)  
 Are chang'd to female charms divinely fair!  
 Her rosy cheeks display peculiar grace,  
 Eternal youth sits blooming on her face;  
 Her glowing vestments glitter on the sight,  
 As PHŒBUS' rays dispel the shades of night;  
 The earth no longer does the goddess bear;  
 She gently glides, and cuts the yielding air.  
 In her right hand she grasps a glitt'ring spear,  
 That might dismay the mighty god of war;  
 The splendid ÆGIS flames upon her breast,  
 And on her helm th' Athenian bird is plac'd.  
 Th' astonish'd youth the heavenly form beheld,  
 While sweets ambrosial from her locks distill'd.  
 She smiling stood—the youth prepar'd to speak,  
 The pow'rs of speech his quiv'ring lips forfake.

OBSERVE



## THE FLOWER GARDEN.

OBSERVE my MYRTILLA, and view the gay scene,  
 See nature once more in her vesture of green ;  
 She, ever attentive her laws to fulfil,  
 Performs all her wonders with exquisite skill ;  
 She shades with a pencil no artist can boast,  
 And, charm'd with her tints, admiration is lost !  
 What numbers of flow'rets these borders adorn,  
 That live by the Sun and the mild dews of morn ;  
 How various the colours you see blended there —  
 How grateful the fragrance perfuming the air !  
 What brightness, what lustre, their leaves now unfold,  
 Some shining in azure, some flaming in gold ;  
 The tulip, all hues, destin'd only for shew,  
 Drest up and bedizen'd, resembles the beau :  
 Too close the analogy, all must confess,  
 What's a beau, or a tulip, divested of dress ?  
 If dress confers merit, the beau has no part,  
 What the flow'r has from nature, he borrows from art.

Next view the auricula, neat in her dress,  
 Of Flow'rets the queen, as all florists confess ;  
 Enfolded in crimson how gay to behold,  
 Embroider'd with orange, that emulates gold ;  
 The flow'rets around her, tho' lovely they seem,  
 Pay homage at distance, and own her supreme.  
 Encircled with verdure, the sweetwilliam blooms,  
 And pinks and carnations shed forth their perfumes ;

Majestic

Majestic and stately, the asphodel blows,  
 And in full luxuriance, the sweet-scented rose:  
 The fam'd aramanthus now shares the Sun's beam,  
 And the flower of Parnassus must garnish my theme:

This gay tribe of flow'rets, that ravish each eye,  
 Like you, my MYRTILLA, must flourish and die!  
 Since all things we view owe their being to earth,  
 And sink to corruption the day of their birth;  
 Since all that is mortal, is destin'd to share,  
 The fate of the elements, earth, sea and air;  
 Let us my MYRTILLA, keep virtue in view,  
 Which time nor vicissitude e'er shall subdue;  
 Tho' all that's exterior, must share in the doom,  
 Yet that which is conscious immortal shall bloom.

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Having derived much harmless pleasure from the frequent perusal of Mr. Thomson's Poem on the Seasons; I have made an attempt to celebrate his merit, in that species of Verse, in which, this Poet, in my estimation, excels all modern writers — I am conscious that this little attempt is far from being *masterly*; but perhaps it may be the means of stimulating some superior genius to exert his abilities on the subject, and to do justice to the memory of this truly great and good man, whose writings do honour to human nature.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JAMES THOMSON, AUTHOR
 OF THE SEASONS, AND OTHER POEMS.

BARD of the Seasons hail! thou! who hast oft,
 Imprest with energy, and reaf'ning strong,

Upon my youthful mind, poetic truths;
 The tend'rest sympathies, the purest flame,
 The love of order, and the soul of song!
 Smit with sincerest gratitude, the muse
 Would fain attempt her humble voice to raise,
 Thy praise to sing, thy genuine worth applaud,
 And blend the Christian's, with the Poet's praise.

But why should I in this great task engage?
 Where find resources for the high design?
 Great HAYLEY! thou! who lead'st the tuneful band,
 Say, why neglect a nation's debt to pay,
 Record in numbers, worthy of thy muse,
 The Poet of the SEASONS? BEATTIE! thou,
 Whose Minstril raises thee in high esteem,
 Say, why unsung thy fav'rite THOMSON's praise?

Since none of you have yet essay'd the song,
 Permit a humble bard, unknown to fame;
 A muse unbred in academic shades,
 In untaught strains, to wake the sleeping lyre.

But where begin? where all the beauties trace,
 That charm the youthful fancy? where, but in
 His transcript of the Seasons? There we view
 The animated verse; the chaste, yet fervid thought;
 The just and pleasing metaphor, that steals
 In grateful raptures o'er th' enamour'd heart.

'Twere

"Twere endless to recount the various charms
 That shine conspicuous in his matchless song,
 And court our observation; yet of those
 Most obvious and alluring, let the muse
 Shew in succession to the curious eye
 Of nice discrimination; thence to point
 Some pleasing moral from the harmless lay.

See, in his SPRING, how beautiful he paints
 The rural labours of the humble swain;
 Then bids the thoughtless sons of luxury
 Shew due respect, and "venerate the plough."
 Next mark what philosophic judgement he displays,
 In pointing out the regular advance
 Of vegetation; from the infant bud,
 To the full blossom in the leafy shade.
 Much must remain unsung; tho' beauteous all,
 And pleasing beyond thought; yet why omit
 The Bard's description of the golden age;
 "Where reason and benevolence were law"—

Contrast this image with the dreadful rage
 That shakes the continent; intent alone,
 To blunt each feeling that enobles man.
 Detested discord! wilt thou still disgrace
 The sacred name of CHRISTIAN? Wilt thou still
 Find smooth-tongu'd sophists to gloss o'er thy crimes?
 Deluded mortals! when will ye be wise?
 Is't not enough that casual ills attend,

But

But your own follies must augment your woe?
 Return my muse from discord and alarm,
 And with our Poet tread the peaceful scene,
 Where nought but harmony pervades the sense.

Can I pass over, with incurious eye,
 The portrait of AMANDA? where each line,
 Chains down attention to his magic lay.

But let me haste, to where the Poet sings,
 The spring's mild influence on the mind of man,
 Whose feelings are alive to just reflection;
 Who, in his neighbour's wants, can view his own,
 And feel a sympathy for all mankind:
 Thence in a fine transition, sweetly flows
 In copious strains, devoid of venal praise;
 A just Eulogium on th' intrinsic worth,
 Of virtuous LYTTLETON; whose lib'ral heart
 Was ever prompt to succour and support
 Genius deprest, or merit left forlorn.

It gives me joy, to find superior worth
 Display'd in THOMSON's everlasting verse!

Bat O ye Youth! for whom our Poet still
 Exerts his genius, pours his pleasing lay,
 Lose not the moral in the charms of song.

He next essays to paint th' illusive joys,
 The mad'ning transports of illicit love!

Where all the passions are subservient made,
 To fetter and enchain the yielding soul.
 Ah! fly these scenes! and turn th' admiring eye
 To the chaste portrait of connubial bliss;
 Where ev'ry beauty language can bestow,
 Conspire to heighten, and enhance the joy.
 For me, I blush not, candidly to own,
 The beauteous picture so enchants my sense,
 I read in raptures, as my eyes o'erflow.—

What eye can look undazzled, at the view
 Of fervid Summer? when ev'n "Spring averts
 Her blushing face?" And now the Bard
 Hastes to the cool retreat, and courts the aid
 Of INSPIRATION. Arts like these, prepare
 Th' attentive mind, and foster in the soul,
 A taste for composition; conscious still,
 That the muse dictates what the verse conveys.
 The bard who copies nature, always gains
 Our admiration and deserv'd applause.
 Who follows nature, and pursues her walks,
 Takes up each image as it strikes the sense,
 And holds the faithful transcript to our sight.

Whate'er of beauty to the vulgar eye
 Dispenses pleasure; this, when justly dress'd,
 In all the magic of heroic verse,
 Is sure to charm; as 'tis reflecting back,
 With heighten'd lustre, what we lov'd before.

What

What man who thinks at all, but must adore
That pow'r who guides the planets in their course,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
Unvaried in their motions? yet ev'n this,
Drest up in THOMSON's lays, ne'er fails to please.

Who has not mark'd the beauteous train of thought
That prompts the lay, when "meek-ey'd morn appears,
Mother of dews?"—What makes these beauties please,
But that the Poet gives us back our thoughts,
Embellish'd and adorn'd? For, be assur'd,
What pleases most, must be, in part, our own.—

I must pass over the Seraphic hymn,
The glorious tribute to the orb of day;
In which is shewn, with admirable skill,
The vivid tints, the various rays of light,
Reflected from the surfaces of things.

The limits of my song will not admit
To dwell on lighter beauties: with regret
I check the rising transport, conscious still
I do injustice to the bard I love.

But who can view without apparent dread,
Nature convuls'd, the livid light'nings glare,
And ratling thunder shake th' astonish'd world?
Who can without emotion, read the page,
Where fine imagination has pourtray'd

The

The chaste AMELIA, torn from the embrace
 Of her lov'd CELADON? Who read their loves,
 But must confess that pow'r which chains the mind,
 And rivets the attention; anxious still
 To dwell enamour'd on the tender theme.

Nor let the PRUDE, with supercilious air,
 (Meer affectation!) check th' admiring swain,
 Whose curious eye, runs o'er the pleasing verse,
 Where MUSIDORA, like DIANA, laves
 The limpid stream, fair emblem of herself!
 Did ever poet on a theme like this,
 Exert such powers, and yet preserve the song,
 Inviolat and pure, as is the rose,
 Or virgin lily, 'mid the morning dew?

In sweet transition, here the tuneful bard,
 Points out the worthies that have added fame,
 To Britain's annals, by their martial deeds,
 Aided her science, or improv'd her song.
 Nor are the British fair forgot, but here,
 Their beauties, and their merit, stand confest.

Serene philosophy, the soul of song,
 That surest guide to truth; closes the strain,
 And leaves the mind in pleasing transport lost,
 Intent to wonder, worship, and adore.

Ripe

Ripe Autumn opens with the doric reed,
 Attun'd to rural labour.—still the bard
 With philanthropic love, raises the song,
 To cheer the labours of the simple swain.
 A mind like his, alive to every sense,
 Survey'd mankind as brethern, all allied
 To one indulgent FATHER, who regards
 The monarch and the slave, with equal eye.

The annual labours of the ripen'd field,
 Calls forth our poet's unexhausted powers,
 And, in a chaste delightful Epifode,
 Adorns our language with th' enchanting tale
 Of young LAVINIA. Say, ye British youth,
 Does any page in modern Novel, charm,
 Or touch the heart with sympathy, like this?
 Can any retrospect of conquer'd charms,
 Inspire such transports of ingenuous joy,
 As when fair virtue meets its just reward?

On every theme, the bard of nature, melts
 With kind compassion at another's woe;
 The feather'd tribe his tender pity share;
 He justly censures every wanton sport,
 That brings untimely death: conscious he,
 (Whatever daring sophists may advance,)
 That rapine oft repeated, steels the heart.

Must not the sentimental sportsman, blush
At his poor conquest o'er the timid hare ?

Our poet next, in relaxation, sings
In burlesque strain, the great and noble chace,
That makes the sportsman's heart with joy elate,
And buries in oblivion, all his cares.

See with what tender caution, now he warns,
The British fair, to shun these dang'rous sports,
That ill become the softness of their sex ;
But in their native lustre, always shine.

His heart still beats in unison with those,
Who follow nature in her humble walks ;
Hence with the farmer, he rejoices still,
And sings, in dulcet strains, his " Harvest home."
Their pastimes too, are not beneath his care,
But chants, like MARO, every rural sport.

But who can form a happier state on earth,
Ev'n in Idea, than the rural life,
So finely painted in his matchless song ?
Ambition read ; compare with this, thy state ;
Then, in the scale of reason, fairly weigh,
Thy splendid phantoms 'gainst his real joys.

Stern winter too, our poet's first essay,
Displays uncounted beauties. Genius here,

Shines

Shines forth in strong description ; manly sense ;
 Bold metaphor ; attemper'd with that charm,
 Which always pleases, love of GOD and MAN.

How strong each image presses on our sense,
 As fancy's eye surveys the boiling wave ;
 Lash'd into foam with agitation fierce ;
 Then bursting in a loud tremendous roar.
 Or, when on land the wat'ry deluge pours
 In dreadful torrents, sweeping in one train,
 The just-earn'd labours of the peaceful hind.
 But see the God of nature, awful now,
 And great amid the storm ; puts forth his hand ;
 The ocean sleeps, and all the winds are still.

But keener tempests now pervade ; and man,
 Obnoxious still to every wayward blast ;
 Feels the chill frost on all his senses seize.
 The drooping cattle, pensive, seek the shed,
 And, in dumb silence let their wants be known.
 The red-breast too, a humble refuge seeks,
 Makes man his friend, and craves his little dole.
 Sweet bird ! tho' simple thou, and useless deem'd,
 Thou liv'st immortal, in the poet's lay !

But let me pass th' afflictive tale of woe,
 That draws our feelings forth ; where hapless now
 The poor benighted swain lies stretched out,
 A victim to the storm's resistless rage.

Th'

Th' unnumber'd miseries that prey on man,
 In his rough passage thro' this chequer'd scene,
 Press on the poet's heart ; hence we observe
 What just reflections usher from the mind,
 Alive to every virtue ; panting still
 To meliorate each woe that mortals feel.

And thou great HOWARD ! sacred to the muse,
 (Might she but dare t' interrogate thy shade ;)—
 Waft thou the first of all the " gen'rous band,
 " Who, smit with human woe, redressive search'd
 " Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?"—
 No ! THOMSON wept their woes, and inward felt
 What sympathizing spirits only feel !
 His gen'rous mind was ever prompt to aid
 With counsel or with wit ; to cheer distress ;
 T' instruct, admonish, and to bless mankind !

'Twas he too, sung *BRITANNIA. Much she owes
 To his superior genius ; for, his song
 Stoop'd not to party ; but aspiring still,
 And, emulous to rouse her sleeping sons ;
 Held up to view fair †LIBERTY's bright form,
 Mild, yet majestic ; bold, as erst she shone
 In the bright forum of illustrious ROME !

Through all this Poem, matchless beauties rise

* Britannia, a Poem. † Liberty, a Poem.

And pure description marks each nervous line ;
 Not less the charms of allegory please,
 Than the just maxims that his verse conveys.
 Hear what the muse prophetically sings,
 And let each Briton ponder on the thought,

“ But soon as independence stoops the head,
 “ To vice enslav’d, and vice-created wants ;
 “ Then, to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
 “ These heightened wants with fatal bounty feeds ;
 “ From man to man, the slack’ning ruin runs,
 “ Till the whole state unnerv’d, in slavery sinks.”—*

Nor let the muse forget the friendly lays,
 To virtuous † TALBOT due. His high desert,
 Stands fair recorded in pathetic verse,
 Unmixt with adulation. THOMSON ! thou
 Disdain’st the venal song. Thy nobler soul
 Still rose superior to such low designs :
 Thy grateful heart, susceptible, and firm,
 Imbib’d each strong impression ; always felt
 The warm emotions of a mind, furcharg’d
 With obligations, ne’er to be repaid !
 Hence glow’d the fervor of thy active soul,
 Diffusive, yet sincere ; collecting all
 The noble virtues that adorn’d thy friend ;

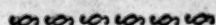
* See Liberty a Poem, part 2d, line 495 to 500.

† See his Poem to the Memory of Lord Chancellor Talbot.
 His

His mild endearing manners, that attach'd
Th' admiring audience, with each other pleas'd.

Illustrious Bard ! thrice happy they, whose worth
Procur'd the meed of thy immortal lays,
To place their virtues in the strongest light,
Still unimpair'd by time.—————

But who shall thine rehearse ? say, who will rise
With powers sufficient to enrich the theme,
And paint thy genuine merit ? rising still,
As more thy beauties strike each ravish'd sense !



AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

PAST are the pleasing months of Summer's reign,
When I with pleasure rov'd the meads among ;
Now sober AUTUMN sweeps the russet plain,
And all around excites to solemn song.

Saw'st thou the tulip rear its florid head,
And spread its foliage to the noon tide ray ?
Lo ! now it sleeps within its dusty bed,
The short-liv'd pageant of a summer's day !

Here view thyself—thou'rt but a human flower,
Alike obnoxious to the stroke of death ;
Dar'st thou presume upon a future hour,
Or can thy art prolong thy fleeting breath ?

Yet

Yet still the coxcomb struts, with pride elate,
 And smiles contempt on little folks below ;
 He reeks not death, nor dreads the hand of fate,
 Nor can his mind mature reflection know.

How thick the leaves bestrew the sadden'd grove,
 See others quiv'ring on the tender spray ;
 Th' affrighted tenants cease their notes of love.
 And tow'rd the southern clime pursue their way.

A few, perchance, unmindful of the call,
 Or absent when the covey takes its flight ;
 To ruthless fowlers hapless victims fall,
 Or mourn, thro' wint'ry months, their woful plight !

Thus, when the mariner is left behind
 On Greenland's cold inhospitable shore ;
 No words can speak the anguish of his mind,
 When he beholds his joyous mates no more !

Where's now the gay, the flutt'ring insect race,
 That bask'd i'th sun, or perch'd upon the flower ?
 That hover'd devious round from place to place
 Or held soft daliance in the myrtle bower ?

Their task perform'd, unnumber'd myriads die,
 And, undistinguish'd, moulder in the earth ;
 In cones enwrap'd, the future embryos lie,
 Till genial SPRING matures their growing birth !

OCCASIONED BY READING THE MOTTO' "KNOW
"THYSELF."

THE Greek says "know thyself"—Hard task indeed!
A task the wisest never yet has learnt.
And, are there those elate with self conceit,
Or pregnant with enthusiastic zeal,
Who dare pronounce, "I've learnt to know myself"—
Presumptuous boaster! dost thou know thyself,
Dar'st thou affix that motto to thy arms,
When almost every action of thy life,
Deserves no better name than imperfection?
Art thou not by capricious fancy sway'd?
Do not the passions hold their potent reign,
And each, by turns, thy vagrant fancy lead?
Now draw a retrospect, survey the past;
Scan well the recent actions of thy life,
I fear they'll prove "thou hast not known thyself."
And if thou liv'st to see a future year,
'Thou'lt vary oftner than the changeful moon.

It is not long since thou wast fond of wine,
And tun'd thy reed to bacchanalian song.
'Then music charm'd thee, and the siren voice,
Of sweet Tenducci sooth'd thy raptur'd soul,
This for a while, amus'd thy fickle mind,
But when the charm of novelty was fled,
The boldest notes seem'd languid in thine ear,
And fated fancy, sicken'd at the sound.

Next,

Next, love appear'd, drest in her blooming charms,
And whisper'd comfort to thy fancy'd woe.

She drest the object of thy partial choice,
In all the graces that the poets feign,
Good nature, sweetness, elegance of form,
Fine taste, and sensibility of soul;
And CHASTITY, her darling attribute.

Such was the sweet NARCISSA, peerless maid!
Whilst yet thou wast in rosy fetters bound,
Thou thought'st of nothing but eternal love,
And Sylvan Deities kept fluttering round.
Did'st thou e'er dream thy bliss cou'd terminate,
Or love wou'd any diminution know?
Alas! e'er three revolving moons were past,
The scene was alter'd, and the heav'nly nymph,
(In whose exterior all the graces shone,)
Seem'd now divested of celestial charms!
Now fled are all the little sportive loves,
That seem'd to revel in NARCISSA's eyes;
Her cheeks have all their rosy lustre lost,
(With every other supernum'ry charm
That ever lover's frenzy cou'd have form'd,)
And all th' imperfect WOMAN stands confess'd.

'Twas then resentment redden'd on thy cheek,
Thou bad'st adieu to all the toils of love,
And fixt thy hopes on more important things.
Then thou wou'd'st be religious, and, with speed,

G

Adopted

Adopted rules peculiar to thyself,
 Pronouncing others, diff'ring from thy mode,
 Deluded aliens from the Christian faith.

Such thoughts, illib'ral, prompt thee now to shun
 Life's sweetest blessing, social intercourse !
 Why wander'st thou amid sequester'd shades,
 Ignobly brooding o'er thy gloomy thoughts,
 As if the God of Nature dwelt alone,
 In the dim grotto, or the cloister'd cell ?

Thou know'st not yet " thyself " nor nature's laws,
 Nor will thy rigid maxims make thee wise.
 Take now from me, my friend, this useful hint ;
 No longer boast the knowledge of thyself,
 Thour't but a compound of contending powers,
 A medley strange of virtue and of vice ;
 And each, by turns, assume a transient reign.
 Practise those virtues thou pretend'st to teach,
 Relieve the indigent, when in thy power,
 The act displays benevolence of mind,
 And carries in itself, its own reward.
 But boast not thou the " knowledge of thyself : "
 All thou can'st know is, " that thou art but weak, "
 Be humble then, and leave th' event to heaven.

~~~~~



The following occasional pieces, were written at the request of a worthy friend of mine, who particularly desired, that they might not be omitted in this publication. As they contain nothing hostile to Virtue; I have consented to let them appear; hoping no reasonable man will take umbrage at them, merely on account of the titles they bear.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, TO THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS  
CÆSAR, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT  
MR. HODGSON'S ACADEMY, AT LEEDS.

I'M come, my friends, your presence thus to greet,  
For granting audience to our annual treat.

"A treat!" (you'll say) Yes!—so we all conceive—

For vanity still prompts each child of EVE.

Yet why be vain? when such alas! our natures,

We can't with spirit, face our fellow-creatures!

Ladies! I'm struck with wonder and surprize,

Thus to confront the radiance of your eyes!

I, who could singly, meet their brightest rays,

Am lost amid the centre of their blaze.

Thus far advanc'd, there's no retreating now,—

We'll try for once, what metaphor can do:

Or, (as the modern taste at present runs,)—

We'll substitute for wit, a string of puns!

Not like some modern bards, our friends abuse,

But fire our harmless squibs—just to amuse.

Yet not to tire you with a long narration,

I'll paint my feelings on this great occasion.

When

When the shrill bell my summons did impart,  
 A sudden tremor seiz'd on every part ;  
 I felt the conscious blush invade my cheek,  
 And DIFFIDENCE forbade that I should speak,  
 " Shalt thou," (she said) thus vainly aim to soar,  
 " And scale those heights a GARRICK gain'd before ?  
 " Dar'st thou now make his character thy own,  
 " And, whilst a stripling, mount a CÆSAR's Throne ?  
 " Thy arrogance will surely bring disgrace,  
 " Be warn'd—Retire—and fill some meaner place !"

Then CONFIDENCE advanc'd and seiz'd my arm—  
 " Courage my Boy ! I'll warrant thee from harm !  
 " Dwells wisdom only with the hoary sage ?  
 " Are parts the sole prerogative of age ?  
 " Must they alone to wit or sense assume,  
 " And not one ray the breasts of youth illumine ?  
 " Shalt thou not feigned royalty enjoy,  
 " When real states are govern'd by a boy ?  
 " Hence coward DIFFIDENCE ! thou foe to truth,  
 " Nor check the ardour of aspiring youth !  
 " Aw'd by thy frown, they power and wealth forego,  
 " Nor can the latent buds of genius blow ;  
 " But timely snatcht from thy tyrannic sway,  
 " Their powers expand, and brighten into day !  
 " Go ! then, young monarch ! take the regal chair,  
 " The senate now await thy presence there ;  
 " Thy youth will shield thee from the CRITIC's stings,  
 " And

“ And candour scorns to carp at trivial things;  
 “ Take then the sock, and glory in the toil,  
 “ So shalt thou justly gain th’ applausive smile!”—  
 I took th’ advice, (as hinted in my story,)  
 And, arm’d with CONFIDENCE, appear before ye;  
 Protected thus, each hero boldly ventures,  
 Since CONFIDENCE, not WE, must bear your censures.

~~~~~

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME, SPOKEN BY PORTIA, IN
 THE CHARACTER OF THE TRAGIC MUSE.

WHEN first th’ † ATHENIAN BARD attun’d his lyre,
 And sung those deeds that heroes did inspire;
 Not to repress fair virtue in her course,
 But trace true valour to its genuine source;
 Inscribe Heroic deeds on Honour’s Fane,
 Or sing a requiem o’er a hero slain;
 For this, the tragic muse her weeds put on,
 To mourn a husband, Sire, or darling Son;
 Thus I, with mournful cypress shade my brow,
 And sage MELPOMENE is PORTIA NOW.
 Permit a widow’d spouse to vent her grief,
 Ah! whither shall I fly to find relief?
 ’Mid civil discord’s desolating scene,
 What partial evils often intervene?
 E’er tyranny’s strong arm is made to yield,
 What dreadful carnage stains th’ ensanguin’d field!

† Thespis.

Some

Some hapless victim, for the public good,
Must bathe his desp'rate hands in human blood ;
And, whil'st he vainly hopes immortal fame,
Then Regicide's foul stigma, marks his name !

Such BRUTUS was thy fate—such thy reward—
As virtue was thy aim, thy case is hard—
But why on thee must Heav'n's dire vengeance fall ?
'Twas curst CASSIUS ! he deserves it all !
He, with insidious words, and fraudulent art,
Chaf'd the dire vengeance rankling in thy heart !
Restless pursu'd thee with a demon's speed,
And drove thee head-long to the impious deed.

When CÆSAR fell, thou BRUTUS ! should'st have said,
“ Fly not ! stand still ! AMBITION'S DEBT is paid ! ”—
But reason told thee when thou saw'st him bleed,
'Twas mad AMBITION urg'd thee to the deed !
In spite of pride, the tear of pity stole,
And “ ET-TU-BRUTE ” pierc'd thy inmost soul !

Th' eternal power, to our weak nature, kind,
Sows the soft seeds of pity in each mind ;
These, kindly nurtur'd, in our tender years,
On prompt occasions rise, and flow in tears ;
But when the boisterous passions bear the sway,
And the fair phantom FAME, still leads the way ;
'They dormant lie, unable to break forth,
Till some momentous action force their birth.

Let

Let this O! CÆSAR! sooth thy injur'd shade,
 That PITY bath'd the wounds AMBITION made.
 Thou art aveng'd—BRUTUS, my much-lov'd Lord,
 Now falls a victim to the vengeful sword,
 Ah! think what anguish at my breast must lie,
 Than fair CALPHURNIA's self more wretched I:
 With grief alternate is each bosom torn,
 She wails for CÆSAR! I, a BRUTUS mourn!
 But sighs and tears, must unavailing prove,
 Nor can restore the objects of our love!
 Dar'ft thou vain man! assume supreme command,
 And take the scales of empire in thy hand?
 Say, is it thine, a Sovereign to disown,
 And, tho' a tyrant, drive him from the throne?
 If ye deserve the scourge, then kiss the rod,
 Nor brave the vengeance of an angry God;
 If princes reign by Heaven's supreme decree,
 Then he who now inthralls, can set you free.

† I now no more the garb of fiction wear,
 But in my proper character appear;
 Since you've attentive heard our tale of woe,
 Accept my humble thanks for Self and Co;
 Our faults are num'rous, these we own with truth;
 Then spare the blushes of ingenuous youth;
 Shou'd you approve, let this reward our toil,
 Th' applausive CLAP, and CANDOUR'S PLACID SMILE.

† Throws aside the robe of melpomene; and appears in
 his own character. AN

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, ON THE PASSIONS.

ARE there among this audience, those who dare
 Be what they seem, and tell us what they are?
 Whose tongues confess, whose feeling bosoms own,
 What strange effects dramatic powers have shewn?
 This truth, I think, must be by all confess,
 " Things please, or displease, only as they're dress'd."
 The muse, assiduous to delight and please,
 Affects to dress up all with graceful ease;
 Hence has she gain'd, as patrons to approve,
 The critic's suff'rage, and the smiles of love.

No man of candour, this known maxim hides,
 " That passion sways us more than reason guides."
 Congenial passions, answer face to face,
 As does the image in the polish'd glass;
 Nor do we still applaud intrinsic worth,
 Each passion draws it's sister passion forth;
 Hence tinsel pomp, th' ascendant passion moves,
 And fancy praises what the heart disproves.

When ROMEO's character ye justly scan,
 You mourn the lover, not the moral man;
 With sympathy, bewail the lover's lot,
 And mutual Suicide is quite forgot.
 Unhappy SHORE's distress, soft pity draws,
 And RICHARD, tho' a tyrant, claims applause.

When

When haughty CATO, ROME's imperial lord,
 Contemptuous smiles on CÆSAR's conqu'ring sword;
 When he laments ROME's ancient freedom lost,
 And "Oh; my country!" echoes thro' the host;
 Ye turn your eyes from all that's great and good,
 To mourn a CATO, welt'ring in his blood!

Your passion's next (to favour our design,)
 We please with farce, or hum'rous pantomime;
 Thus pow'rs are made (nor is th' allusion mean)
 By turns subservient to the mimic scene.
 Let no one now against this mode declaim,
 For, where the power is lodg'd, the will's the same;
 Does not th' empiric all his powers exert,
 'To fix attention, and to gain desert?
 Does he not all the faculty decry,
 All but himself—that you his trash may buy?
 Contemns the honours wealth or fame can give,
 And, spends himself, good man! that you may live!
 Thus he harrangues the crowd in ev'ry age,
 Extorts belief, and still maintains the stage.

Our prologue o'er, the moral next't' apply—
 But, you have sense to judge as well as I,
 That no stage-maxims, can have force to move
 Th' obdurate heart, or make a savage love:
 That precepts drawn from nature, drest with art,
 Wake only those implanted in the heart;

By

By turns, we shew the 'pimp, the knave, the friend,
 Vice we display, but never vice commend;
 We hold the faithful MIRROR up—and you,
 Wisely discriminate on what you view.

~~~~~

THE VISION OF CARAZAN, FROM THE ADVENTURER.  
 ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

IN wealthy Bagdat, Asia's pride and boast,  
 Fraught with the product of each neighb'ring coast,  
 Liv'd CARAZAN, in pride and regal state,  
 Whom avarice alone had render'd great;  
 His birth was mean, his origin obscure,  
 Yet constant trade did ample wealth procure;  
 His jealous soul would not one mortal trust,  
 Yet was himself inexorably just.  
 Whether in man he nothing could behold,  
 But constant perfidy, and love of gold;  
 Or that he saw consummate joy and peace,  
 And his importance with his wealth increase;  
 What e'er the cause, the muse must here confess  
 The more his wealth increas'd he us'd it less.  
 So with his years, his avarice increas'd,  
 And soft compassion left his sordid breast,  
 But tho' his ears were shut to pen'ry's cry,  
 Nor gave to indigence the least supply;  
 At stated hours, he'd to the mosque repair,

And

And offer up the hypocritic prayer ;  
 Devotion's rites, he punctually obey'd,  
 And thrice to MECCA, had the pilgrim stray'd.  
 Tho' hypocrites, to cheat poor mortal's eyes,  
 With hearts polluted offer sacrifice ;  
 Devotion true, the muse must still revere,  
 For God regards the heart that is sincere ;  
 Who worships right adheres to nature's plan  
 Where love of GOD includes the love of MAN ;  
 Each kindred virtue here exalted shines,  
 Beneficence with gratitude combines ;  
 Such God-like acts new dignities reflect,  
 Demand our love, and challenge our respect ;  
 But when the selfish wretch attempts to hide  
 (In all the pomp of superstitious pride)  
 His impious heart from God's omniscient eye,  
 And asks of grace divine, a fresh supply ;  
 Such guilt must still our just abhorrence claim,  
 For formalists and hypocrites, are still the same.

When CARAZAN had turn'd his † Chequins o'er,  
 With circumspective eye, and lockt the door ;  
 With aspect grave, he'd to the mosque repair,  
 Fall on his knees, and cant a verbal prayer.  
 His wealth was known, yet all despis'd the man ;  
 And such the state of wretched CARAZAN ;  
 When lo ! a herald now proclaim'd aloud,

† A Gold Coin, value 9s, 3d.

(And



(And claim'd the notice of th' attentive crow'd)  
 That CARAZAN had left his frugal state,  
 And now appear'd magnificently great ;  
 That for the poor his table now was spread,  
 And strangers all were welcome to his bed ;—  
 But scarcely was the proclamation o'er,  
 When num'rous crowds were gather'd round the door,  
 Where they behold him now with soften'd eye,  
 Distribute bread to all that would apply :  
 He cloath'd the naked, gave the hung'ry bread,  
 And suppliant crowds were at his table fed ;  
 Such lib'ral acts did gratitude excite,  
 And his wan cheek now glow'd with soft delight.  
 Th' astonish'd crowd with admiration stare,  
 Whilst murm'ring accents vibrate thro' the air :  
 The grateful donor beckon'd with his hand,  
 And mute attention hush'd the num'rous band ;  
 An awful rev'rence fill'd his conscious breast,  
 And thus the curious audience he address'd.  
 He, who, from Chaos rude, bade order rise,  
 Whose touch, the mountains melts, or shakes the Skies ;  
 To the ALMIGHTY GOD, who reigns in heaven,  
 Be everlasting praise and honour given !  
 He hath in sleep convey'd instruction kind,  
 And in night visions, hath improv'd my mind.  
 As all alone I in my Haram fate,  
 Exulting in my wealth and high estate,  
 The voice of him who form'd the earth and Skies,

Bade

Bade sleep descend, and seal my watchful eyes?  
 When frightful visions did my soul molest,  
 And direful tortures drove away my rest;  
 Methought I saw, fierce as the whirl-wind's breath;  
 Man's direful foe, the messenger of death!  
 In vain I strove t' evade the dreadful blow,  
 Or steal from such a formidable foe!  
 From gross materiality unbound,  
 My active soul was lifted from the ground,  
 Hence, rapid thro' the regions of the air,  
 The spirit darts, its final doom to share.  
 The lesser orbs did into atoms run,  
 And ev'ry Star beam'd radiant as the Sun;  
 The gates of Paradise were now in sight,  
 And all appear'd unsufferably bright!  
 I now perceiv'd, with awful dread and fear,  
 My final sentence was approaching near;  
 The period oft despis'd, was come at last,  
 And my short day of visitation past;  
 Guilt's catalogue was now before me plac'd,  
 Nor could one crime be from the list eras'd;  
 From reasons similar, I understood,  
 That nought could now be added to the good.—

When I perceiv'd all former scenes were past,  
 And for eternity my lot was cast;  
 When the OMNIPOTENT, the word had spoke,  
 Which, not all nature's powers could revoke;

H

Trembling

Trembling I stood, with guilt and horror chill'd,  
 And with confusion dire my soul was fill'd.—  
 As thus in torpid silence now I fate,  
 A flaming seraph thus pronounc'd my fate !  
 “ Thy worship's not accepted, CARAZAN,  
 “ As 'tis not prompted by the love of man.  
 “ The fervent soul, the DEITY respects,  
 “ But feigned prayers, th' omniscient God rejects ;  
 “ For thy own sake, thou gav'st each man his due,  
 “ But *self* was still the object first in view ;  
 “ Thy prayers are vain, thy only God is *pelf*,  
 “ And all thy love is center'd in *thy self*,  
 “ Thou hast not look'd with gratitude around,  
 “ And kindness ne'er was in thy bosom found ;  
 “ Thou hast indeed seen vice triumphant reign,  
 “ And folly lead her mad fantastic train ;  
 “ Shou'd vice acquit thee, yet thou'rt unforgiven,  
 “ For vice condemns the bounteous hand of heaven ;  
 “ If not upon the vain licentious crew,  
 “ Where shall the clouds distill their balmy dew ?  
 “ If not upon the thoughtless and the gay,  
 “ Where shall the Sun diffuse his cheering ray ?  
 “ Where shall the Spring her breathing frag'rance blow ;  
 “ Or teeming Autum all his fruits bestow ?  
 “ Did'st thou e'er feel for poverty distress ?  
 “ Or did soft pity ever touch thy breast ?  
 “ All thy desires, thy worship and thy *pelf*,  
 “ Were center'd in thy despicable *self*.

“ This



" This punishment must for thy guilt atone,  
 " For ever hence thou shalt subsist alone ;  
 " From all society, and light of heaven,  
 " Thou shalt henceforth, eternally be driv'n !  
 " Where solitude shall still augment thy care,  
 " And aggravate the horrors of despair."—

My soul impell'd, now took a rapid flight,  
 Thro' the vast System of created light :  
 Thought can't conceive, how dreadful, and how fast,  
 Thro' num'rous Worlds I in a moment past,—  
 As I approach'd the verge of nature's bound,  
 Where ten-fold night envelops all around ;  
 A joyless region, form'd for woe and pain,  
 Where darkness holds her solitary reign ;  
 The boundless vacuum open'd on my sight,  
 And in my soul dread horror did excite !  
 When thus I spoke, as anguish did inspire,  
 With all the ardency of fierce desire ;

" Had I been doom'd eternally to dwell,  
 " In the parch'd regions of a milder hell ;  
 " Where I with fiends, society might share,  
 " T' alleviate the tortures of despair ;  
 " Tho' scorching flames wou'd sharp'ning pains excite,  
 " They'd not exclude the cheering rays of light !  
 " Or, had a comet been my destin'd place,  
 " To roam around th'illimitable space ;

" To

" To wander lonely, far from human sight,  
 " And, in a thousand years, return to light ;  
 " Those periods then, however far remote,  
 " Wou'd cheer, at intervals, each gloomy thought."

Whilst this reflection did employ my care,  
 I now lost sight of the remotest star ;  
 All nature's works, now vanish'd from my sight,  
 With the last glim'ring of departing light !  
 Thus, far from every habitable world,  
 My spirit was with rapid fury hurl'd.  
 When this reflection struck my soul at last,  
 'That, when ten thousand thousand years were past ;  
 When vengeance had pursu'd my frighted soul,  
 From nature's centre, to her utmost pole ;  
 I shou'd no end, nor intermission know,  
 But range incessant, thro' each scene of woe ;  
 I stretch'd my arms towards the realms of light ;  
 Th' emotion wak'd me, and remov'd the fright.

Thus, in a vision, hath my mind been taught,  
 To prize each various blessing as it ought ;  
 My heart is warm'd with love, and fervent zeal,  
 That you may share the happiness I feel ;  
 Wealth's but a curse, (if rightly understood,)  
 Unless it is employ'd in doing good.  
 The meanest wretch beneath the throne of heav'n,  
 Wou'd, in that solitude where I was driv'n ;

Have

Have been esteem'd by me, and prized more,  
Than all the gems on rich GOLCONDA's shore !

When CARAZAN had this reflection made,  
He look'd with gratitude, and fervent pray'd ;  
The audience all, with wonder stood alarm'd,  
The precepts pleas'd 'em, but th' example charm'd.

~~~~~

THE GOLDEN AGE, OR THE CONTRAST, AN ODE,
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1776.

WHEN nature first, with vivifying heat,
Bade virgin earth, a fruitful mother grow ;
Her pregnant womb, brought forth a birth complete,
And, thro' the air bade fragrant odours blow ;
The genial blossoms burst upon the sight,
With rapture fill'd, rejoicing in the light.

The soft'ring warmth, gave nurture to each plant,
The fruit spontaneous, deckt the loaded bough ;
The glebe did now no annual tillage want,
Nor was there need to draw th' unwieldly plough ;
Each nymph and swain, in innocence array'd,
In mutual love, enjoy'd the pleasing shade.

The

The harmless birds their sweetest notes unite,
 (Bright emblems they, of innocence and joy !)
 The tranquil hours, in raptures took their flight,
 Nor did their bliss admit the least alloy ;
 Peace reign'd secure, she blest the peasant's shed,
 Nor had oppression rear'd her Gorgon head.

The air was pure, from noxious vapours free,
 Health, blooming Goddess ! ting'd the virgin's face ;
 Each youth inraptur'd, told his tale with glee,
 Nor had pale sickness seiz'd the human race.
 Famine and pestilence, were then unborn ;
 Love, smiling fate, and plenty fill'd her horn.

Ah ! mournful contrast to this blissful reign ;
 Across the wide ATLANTIC cast your eyes ;
 Where civil rage bestrews th' ensanguin'd plain,
 And nought around but scenes of horror rise ;
 Th' afflicted widow mourns her husband's death,
 And aged Sires, in torture yield their breath !

BRITANNIA listen !—and thy rage forego ;—
 Th' inglorious strife will all thy laurels strain ;
 What tho' with blood thou mak'st their rivers flow,
 Those Sons of FREEDOM, will their rights maintain :
 Nor is it strange they prize fair FREEDOM most !
 For FREEDOM still has been BRITANNIA's boast !

Sheathe,

Sheathe, sheathe the sword—then shall the blooming spring,
 Her mildest influ'nce o'er thy vales dispense,
 Fair FLORA shall her choicest flow'rets bring,
 To charm the eye, or to regale the sense !
 “ A garland sweet, thy temples shall entwine,
 “ And nature's choicest gifts, BRITANNIA, shall be thine !”

The humble muse, shall join, to sing the charms,
 Which love, and peace, and innocence bestow ;
 Whilst those who love to shine in feats of arms,
 Must never taste true happiness below ;
 How vain the toil, to blow the seeds of strife,
 When milder passions sooth the woes of life.—

~~~~~

# A SONNET.

NO longer sweet nymph, my passion disown ;  
 That face so enchanting, beseems not a frown ;  
 Bless then with your smiles, tho' your heart ca'nt approve ;  
 What's life without passion ? sweet passion of love !

When infancy reign'd, and no raptures I knew,  
 My eyes beam'd with transport, when fixt upon you ;  
 My innocent joys were as chaste as the dove ;  
 What's life without passion ? sweet passion of love !

When

When the mild breath of SPRING, fills the groves with perfume,  
 And the rose bursts the bud, in the sweet month of JUNE ;  
 All nature exults, both on earth and above,  
 What's life without passion ? sweet passion of love !

Then break not the bonds of soft union below ;  
 But let thy chaste bosom with love's ardor glow ;  
 Let reason persuade, and your scruples remove,  
 What's life without passion ? sweet passion of love !

~~~~~

ODE TO THE MUSES.

YE flitting hours, still on the wing,
 Where are your transient pleasures flown ?
 What time the muse was wont to sing,
 Of joys, which then, were all my own.

When jocund health inspir'd the strain,
 And prompted all the muse's fire,
 I sung of shepherds on the plain,
 Their constant loves, their chaste desire.

And oft, as active FANCY led,
 I rov'd o'er FICTION's fairy ground ;
 Cull'd ev'ry flow'ret in the shade,
 And trod the ever-varying round.

Sweet

Sweet poesy ! Celestial power !
 Thy dulcet strains can soothe my woe ;
 Can ease the languor of each hour,
 Can make my tears forget to flow !

When gloomy thoughts my soul invade,
 And all my inward peace destroy ;
 I call the muses to my aid,
 And share the evanescent joy !

In verse, there is a magic power,
 That steals upon the human mind ;
 Tho' pen'ry gripes, and tempests lour,
 Yet FANCY still is unconfin'd.

Then let me still be of your train,
 Ye muses, and ye sylvan gods !
 Since human joys are light and vain,
 Lead, lead me to your blest abodes !

~~~~~

YOUNG DAMON, TO THE ROSE, *Which he pluck'd whilst  
 the dew was on its leaves. Written Extempore.*

GO, beauteous flower ! whilst yet thy leaves  
 Retain the fragrant dew,  
 Receive the gale from Delia's lips,  
 That shall thy sweets renew.

And, shou'd she smiling, deign to press  
 Her blushing form to thine ;  
 Oh ! fly with speed, to this recess,  
 And, make that blessing mine !

THE discovery of America, by COLUMBUS, has always appeared to me, as one of the most important events in modern history.

The subsequent events that have taken place on this large Continent; particularly the recent Revolution; renders this a subject of the greatest magnitude, to every man, who reflects on the strange vicissitudes in States and Empires; as it exhibits, in a striking point of view, the fluctuating nature of all sublunary things.

This present year, is the third Century Anniversary, since COLUMBUS first discover'd this New World; this extensive track of earth, (which I suppose, may constitute nearly one third of all the habitable Globe;) and which, was totally unknown to former ages; is certainly matter of astonishment, and highly worthy of commemoration; and more especially, as Great Britain draws great resources from this vast Continent, highly advantageous to the commercial part of this Kingdom.

The following small Epitome of the discovery of America, by COLUMBUS, may not perhaps, be without its use to the youth of this Kingdom; as many of them may be induced, thro' curiosity, to read this, who cou'd not have opportunity, or even exercise patience, to peruse the whole history, as written by the late ingenious DR. ROBERTSON: from whose history, the principal events in this small poetical epitome, are extracted.

COLUMBUS,

## COLUMBUS, OR THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, A POEM.

WHAT powers sublime, omnipotence bestows,  
 Where his good pleasure wills. Whether to trace  
 The moral fitness of inferior things,  
 Or raise the soul to contemplate the vast,  
 Th' immense profundity of nature's laws;  
 The flux of tides; th' astonishing effect  
 Of electricity; the magnet's power;  
 Whate'er th' assiduous mind attempts to grasp.  
 To each, as in his province, God imparts,  
 An emanation of his bounteous gifts  
 To lead him on to knowledge; with reserve,  
 That he attempt no search beyond his power,  
 Or ought to circumvent his moral bliss.—

Among this favour'd band, COLUMBUS! thou  
 Hast gain'd unfading laurels; plac'd thy name  
 On fame's bright column, ne'er to be defac'd.  
 What plaudits are not due to noble deeds?  
 What shall we say of him, who boldly dar'd  
 To traverse unknown seas, with ardent toil,  
 Amid the murmurs of ignoble Slaves,  
 Unconscious of his merit: restless still,  
 And mutinous? yet his aspiring mind  
 Intent upon its object, persever'd  
 With unremitting vigour; till at length  
 Success rewarded every arduous toil.

Permit



Permit the muse to trace thee in the track  
 That led to future glory, and to shew  
 No obstacles could thwart, or fear repress  
 The noble ardour of thy dauntless soul.

But let me here adore that mighty power  
 Who \* snatcht thee early from the jaws of death,  
 And held thee forth a prodigy to man,  
 In all succeeding ages. By that power  
 Wast thou preserv'd amid each painful toil  
 That led to high atchievement. Let me trace  
 By what gradations thy great genius tower'd,  
 E'er it attain'd to that consummate height,  
 That rank'd thy name in the historian's page.

From objects seemingly the most remote,  
 Is science oft improv'd. Who has not found  
 From adventitious things, great aid receiv'd,  
 When labour prov'd abortive? Who can trace  
 The various channels thro' which science flows?

Th' advent'rous youth, tho' emulous to scale  
 The heights of science; felt within his breast,  
 Love's powerful impulse. He obeys the call.  
 This noble passion, kept within due bounds,  
 Enobles, nor allays, the fire of genius;  
 It heightens, and refines, each great design.

\* He was ship-wreck'd, when a youth, and narrowly  
 escap'd drowning.

By

By this † alliance, he become possess'd  
 Of all the riches his great mind desir'd.  
 His ruling passion now broke forth afresh,  
 With double ardour fann'd. Embolden'd now,  
 As more improv'd in knowledge ; he displays  
 His grand design, the summit of his hopes,  
 (Tho' long conceal'd within his ardent breast)  
 To bring to light, beyond the western main,  
 A mighty Continent, a World unknown ;  
 And fix his Name immortal in the Skies!

Great POROSTRELLA, thou th' example set  
 'T enflame thy son, advent'rous now to range  
 With soul unaw'd, the vast ATLANTIC SEA!  
 His philosophical mind disdain'd the bounds  
 Of partial navigation ; conscious he  
 That, all the regions then familiar made,  
 Form'd but a part of this terrestrial sphere ;  
 That, such a large proportion, then unknown,  
 Must be analogous to what they saw ;  
 Hence he suggests, that where the ATLANTIC rolls,  
 The swelling billows, points the obvious way  
 To some large CONTINENT, then unexplor'd.

† He married a Portuguese lady, daughter of Bartholomew Porostrella, a famous Navigator, who had discovered and planted, the Islands of Porto Santo and Madera. Columbus, by becoming possessed of his Charts and Journals ; greatly increased his stock of nautical knowledge.

How circumscrib'd alas! were all the views  
 Of former Navigators? timid still  
 To stem the deep profound: or dare t' advance  
 Beyond the GANGES' formidable stream.  
 That task, COLUMBUS, was reserv'd for thee,  
 Thy genius led thee on to great designs;  
 Unaided and alone, thy spirit strove  
 Against the baleful stream of bigot rage:  
 Pale envy sicken'd, superstition rav'd,  
 All aiming to o'er turn thy grand pursuit.

Ev'n thy own Country, fail'd to patronize  
 Thy high desert; unconscious of the fame,  
 Which they, through ignorance, refus'd to share.

How galling 'tis, that genius should be left  
 To struggle unassisted; while the means  
 Rest in the power of ignominious souls,  
 Who squander wealth on pageantry and shew.

And thou O † HENRY! had'st not taste to know,  
 Th' intrinsic merit of thy suppliant's mind.  
 In vain COLUMBUS crav'd thy princely aid,  
 Thy genius was not form'd for schemes like this,  
 Yet thou had'st wealth beyond the neighb'ring States.

That Fame IBERIA, was transfer'd to thee  
 High favour'd Nation! could'st thou but emerge

† The 7th of England.



From superstition, and purge off the crimes  
 Inflicted on a mild and harmless race,  
 Sad victims of thy rage. But let me leave  
 Thy punishment to heaven, whilst I pursue  
 Th' advent'rous Hero, on his per'lous road  
 To high renown. Long was thy genius checkt,  
 Aspiring chief! yet always persever'd,  
 'Till injur'd merit met its just reward.

IBERIA'S Monarch, flush'd with new success  
 Attendant on his ARMS; enlarg'd his views;  
 And, pond'ring in his mind, th' important scheme  
 Of great COLUMBUS; now at length resolv'd,  
 To forward his design. With rapid speed  
 A squadron was equipt at PALOS' port,  
 In ANDALUSIA. Small indeed the fleet,  
 But ample were the views of him, who led  
 This naval expedition. But his mind  
 Soar'd far above each obstacle that rose  
 To intercept his views. Now launch'd from shore,  
 Behold th' intrepid chief with joy elate,  
 Join the loud plaudits, that now rend the air,  
 Reverberated from the crowded shore.

Now let us pause—and contemplate the man  
 Thus critically plac'd. His ALL at stake,  
 All that a man of honour holds most dear,  
 His reputation. Think not he was rash,  
 Or disregarded prudence. Well he knew

The

The scorn and censure that would blast his name,  
 Should his great project fail. Yet still buoy'd up  
 With conscious virtue, and a mind serene  
 Look'd forward to th' event, intrepid still  
 Mid'ft every danger. This, he saw, was meet,  
 Shou'd he betray one fear, the scheme were lost,  
 And mutiny wou'd spread throughout the whole.

These cogitations lay within his breast  
 Conceal'd from vulgar minds. He now assum'd  
 An aspect chearful, mixt with pleasing hope,  
 And highest exultation. Joy diffus'd  
 Her animating smiles on all around :  
 And now, with gentle gales, they plough'd the waves,  
 Arriving soon at the Canary Isles.

Here they refit ; and reaugment their stores,  
 In such proportion, as might best supply  
 Each future exigence ; yet still aware,  
 That, adventitious circumstances, might  
 Blast all their schemes, and circumvent the whole ;  
 Yet trusting still to providential aid,  
 They weigh'd again, and left GOMERA's port,  
 Impatient to descry the destin'd shore.

The Sky was clear ; and OCEAN's azure God,  
 His Trident rais'd, in token of respect,  
 And, with a smile, now hail'd his fav'rite Son !  
 Who boldly dar'd th' adventrous track pursue,

By

By mortals unexplor'd ; glide o'er his coral groves ;  
And all his wat'ry region travel through !

And now brisk gales arose, and drove them on  
A western course : then, casting back their eyes  
All the Canaries vanish'd from their sight.  
And now dismay each timid mind pervades,  
Each beats his conscious breast, with fear appall'd,  
Dispairing e'er to reach his distant home !

The chief remain'd collected, bold and firm,  
Amid the gen'ral stupor. Conscious now  
That nought but mild persuasion can appease  
Their tim'rous Souls, and wonted peace restore.

His latent powers of Rhet'ric he displays,  
To cheer their drooping spirits. Happy art !  
When properly apply'd for virtuous ends.  
He knew mankind ; and, from experience learn'd  
Their leading passions. These, he wrought upon  
With all his art ; adapting his discourse  
To low capacities ; and temp'ring all  
With palliatives ; less'ning every fear,  
Augmenting what he judg'd most like to please.

But ills like these were superseded now,  
By more apparent dangers. New alarms  
Spread gen'ral consternation o'er each mind.

Advancing



Advancing westward, but two hundred leagues,  
 The faithful † magnet now deserts its place,  
 And shuns the Polar Star. Amazement seiz'd  
 On ev'ry mind, unconscious of the cause.  
 Ev'n great COLUMBUS wonder'd at the sight;  
 But recollecting, he affects t' explain  
 This strange Phenomena: but neither he,  
 Nor all succeeding men, cou'd trace the cause,  
 Or this amazing mystery explain.

Proceeding onward, now four thousand leagues,  
 Due west of the Canaries; they perceive  
 Innumerable weeds, mixt with the surf,  
 Extending far and wide. This rous'd their fears;  
 And, wonder-working fancy now suggests  
 A thousand nameless horrors. But the chief  
 Allay'd their terrors, and dispell'd each fear.—

To calm their doubts, large flights of birds appear'd,  
 Some hov'ring round, some westward urg'd their way,  
 A hopeful preface of approaching Land.

Refresh'd with hope, their sinking spirits rose:  
 But transient was the calm that still'd their minds;  
 Their pow'rs relax'd as farther they advanc'd,  
 And fears succeeded fears, a num'rous train.

† The variation of the compass, common in western  
 latitudes.

When,

When, by their reck'ning, they had sail'd due west,  
Seven hundred leagues or more ; their hopes were lost ;  
They deem'd the project vain. Dispair succeeds,  
And mutiny now seem'd their last resource.

The most abject of mind, (most cruel still !)  
Propos'd the blackest crime. To forward soon  
Their dastardly design, and quit their charge ;  
It was propos'd to sacrifice their Chief,  
To what was deem'd their safety ; then return  
With hands polluted, to their native Land.

The chief, (not unappriz'd,) conceal'd his fears,  
Assiduous still and anxious to preserve  
Subordination ; fum'd up every art  
Of mild persuasion ; set before their view,  
The vast magnificence that wou'd attend  
This laudable design ; Extolling most,  
The golden treasure that would crown their toil !  
Sometimes (as need requir'd) he chang'd his note,  
And menac'd those whom mildness cou'd not awe.

His words had weight, and for a while appeas'd,  
The list'ning audience. All seem'd mild and calm :  
But, like a stream, retarded in its course,  
Rage bursts the barrier, with augmented force,  
Disdaining all control. The frenzy seiz'd  
Both officers and men, without reserve,

Destroying

Destroying all subjection. Thus beset,  
In this dilemma, what must be devis'd?

He this concession made. "If, after three  
"Successive days, no Land appear'd; he then  
"Wou'd close with their proposal, and return."

This artful subterfuge, this last resource,  
Calm'd every mind, and wrought the great event!  
Nor did he hazard much, for well he knew  
By sure presages, his New World was near.

In sounding now, the plummet brought up *soil*;  
A certain presage of approaching Land.  
Large flocks of birds increasing, hover'd round.  
At length their eyes survey'd a floating cane;  
Huge timber carv'd, and branches from the trees,  
Dispell'd their doubts; and pleasing hopes return'd.  
It now was night: the winds themselves were still;  
All seem'd attentive to the grand result.  
COLUMBUS' confidence was now confirm'd;  
He issued his command to furl the sails,  
And wait, with patience, the approach of morn.  
Meantime the PINTA's crew announced LAND!  
At length the morning dawn'd, and blest their sight,  
With most enchanting views. Two Leagues beyond,  
Presented to their eyes a verdant Isle,  
Enrich'd with shrubs and trees, a goodly shew!

O'er



O'erpower'd with joy, the suppliant crew ador'd  
Th' Almighty power, and rais'd the solemn song.  
They next implor'd forgiveness from the Man  
Whom lately they despis'd. Contrition now  
Fill'd ev'ry mind, and urg'd them to confess  
The Admiral's fortitude surpassing thought !

This Isle, COLUMBUS named SAN SALVADOR.  
The next in honour of their Patron † Saint :  
Two others he explor'd, and nam'd them both  
In honour of the \* Sovereigns, whose kind aid,  
Conspir'd to perfect this Sublime attempt.  
The Isle of CUBA, next, rewards his search :  
An Island of great worth, and large extent,  
Enrich'd with Mines. 'Tis here the Cedars grow  
To ample stature. Here, the Sugar Cane,  
Sweet Cinnamon, and Cassia, scent the air.

Tho' these were grand discov'ries, yet the chief,  
Rests not contented, but pursues his search,  
To find a Continent ; At last, he views  
Along the western Coast, those provinces,  
At present nam'd PARIA, and CUMANA.  
Flush'd with success, COLUMBUS now exults ;  
His soul dilates, with pleasing rapture fill'd,  
That now th' extensive CONTINENT was found.

† Saint Mary.

\* Ferdinand and Isabella.

Ye

Ye sanguinary heroes, what are ye?  
 To what amounts the conquests of your arms?  
 Can ALEXANDER's vict'ries, falsely fam'd,  
 Deserve one plaudit from the sons of art?  
 'Twere impious to bestow on such a wretch  
 The name of Great. A vile destroyer he,  
 Who ranfack'd Kingdoms, to assuage his lust,  
 Hurling destruction on a trembling world.  
 But thou COLUMBUS! trac'd a World unknown,  
 Not to destroy, but cultivate with arts,  
 And plant the seeds of virtue in the Land.

Here cease the strain—yet shall the muse preface,  
 That thou COLUMBUS! shalt be long rever'd,  
 Thy Name applauded, when the impious deeds  
 Of tyrant despots, shall be heard no more:  
 Fame shall resound with thy heroic worth,  
 And ‡ WASHINGTON's high towers shall bear thy Name.

‡ The New City of Washington, now Erecting; intended to be the Capital of the United States.

### THE CRITICS, A TALE.

IS it not strange, that man, who boasts such skill  
 To curb his passions, and restrain his will;  
 Nay, even raise his thoughts to things sublime,  
 And, to the heights of pure Religion climb;

Should

Should *act* so *counter* to his boasted sense,  
 And give the *lie* to every fair pretence?  
 Should cherish in his breast each low desire,  
 And stigmatize the man who dares t' aspire?  
 Devoid of genius, yet replete with pride,  
 What he can't reach, he can at least, deride;  
 Approbrious Epithets are his resource,  
 Who can't refute, attacks you still by force;  
 And, like th' Assassin, (sure to hit his mark,)  
 He wounds in secret, murders in the dark;  
 His dastard soul, afraid to meet your eye,  
 Bids all his poison'd shafts in secret fly.  
 When he conceives a Character o'erthrown,  
 He falsely thinks, he now has rais'd his own.

Consider wretch! in spite of all such elves,  
 Discerning men, are judges for themselves;  
 With calmness they peruse, with candour judge,  
 (They, to the Author, owe no private grudge;)   
 If, in his pages, they should chance to find,  
 What seems at least, congenial with their mind;  
 Why quarrel with the Author? why abuse  
 The man, whose aim is only to amuse?  
 He wou'd have said *Instruct*, but that he fears,  
 Th' expression might sound *harsh* in *knowing Ears*.

"But then 'tis *incorrect*!" (each pedant's cant!)

"Here's a *redundancy*—and—there's a *want*,

"This



“ This vile *ellipsis*, quite *destroys* the *sense* !  
 “ And—that—were *something*,—were that *comma* hence,  
 “ Why this *parenthesis* ? why is it here ?  
 “ Without these words, the *sense* were—lord knows where !  
 “ If this *antithesis*, would stand the test,  
 “ I’d give him *credit* now for *all the rest*.”—

These *Technical*s run o’er, with *learned Skill*,  
*Pomposso* rises, and declares his will,  
 That e’er they, (*men of science* ! ) do adjourn,  
 They criticise each paragraph, in turn ;  
*Pomposso* now, with *formidable look*,  
 Takes up, with *scorn*, this *mutulated book* ;  
 Surveys the *title*, with *sarcastic sneer*,—  
 “ *Poems—Essays*,—Heavens ! what have we here ! ”  
 Runs o’er a page with *superficial eye*,  
 Then gives (as he conceives) this *arch reply*.  
 “ This *Poetry* ? why sure the man’s a *fool*,  
 “ To write such *stuff*, so *wide* of every *rule* !  
 “ The *stile*’s *inflated*, his *ideas* are *bad* !  
 “ His *measure*’s *false* ; the fellow’s surely *mad* !  
 “ To *composition* he has *no pretence*,  
 “ Who neither *grammar* knows, nor *common sense* ! ”

But softly now—restrain thy *stand’rqu*s tongue,  
 Thou may’st perhaps, for once, be in the wrong.  
 Take up the pen thyself, in very spite,  
 And shew the world how easy ’tis to write !

With

Arrange thy images in *rank* and *file*,  
 With *tropes* and *metaphors*, adorn thy *stile*;  
 Let all the *muses* round thee *marshall'd* stand,  
 And yield obedience to thy *high* command.  
*Mercury*, as *aid-de-camp*, shall on thee wait,  
 And mark attentive, the *decrees* of *fate*;  
 For whilst this *literary ardour* burns,  
*He*, of the *kill'd* and *wounded*, gives *returns*.

Now, if amid this *Sentimental War*,  
 Thou 'scap'st *triumphant*, and without a *Scar*;  
 The world shall thy superior merit own,  
 And *Phæbus*' self shall place thee near his *throne*.—

But, should'st thou mount on *Pegasus* with *Pain*,  
 And he, (*a little skittish*) scorn the *rein*;  
 Rush on precipitate, without *control*;  
 Ah then! *beware!* lest thou receiv'st a *fall*!  
 Convinc'd, too late! thou hast not *art* to *rule*,  
 Give up the *point*, and own thyself—a *fool*!—

~~~~~

ELEGIAIC STANZAS, ADDRESSED TO THE SHADE OF
 SHENSTONE.

AH! why shou'd man abstract his thoughts from earth,
 Or strain IMAGINATION's vivid eye?
 Since those, who live supinely from their birth,
 Oft fare more sumptuous, and as peaceful lie?

K

When

When all the busy cares of life are o'er,
 When we at last, resign this transient breath;
 When all these restless passions act no more,
 But slumber in the icy arms of death;

What boots it then, who sung the tend'rest strain,
 Who pip'd the softest on the oaten reed?
 Who with new sonnets sooth'd the jocund swain,
 Or with sweet past'ral gain'd the virgin's meed?

Thy strains, O! SHENSTONE! heard the groves among,
 Suspended, for a while, the Shepherd's tale;
 The sylvan powers all listen'd to thy song,
 And festive mirth tript lightly thro' the vale.

Oft wou'd thy song steal o'er the virgin's heart,
 And cause to rise a softly-pleasing pain;
 When JESSY's plaintive woes thou did'st impart,
 In thy enchanting elegaic strain.

And, shou'd thy HENRY's tale, prest on the ear,
 Excite compunction in each conscious breast;
 Then shall each Nymph thy memory revere,
 And sighing, bid thy "gentle spirit rest!"

But say, sweet Poet! does thy pensive shade,
 Thro' thy lov'd LEASOWES ever deigh to rove?
 Oh! be the guardian of each virtuous maid,
 And banish perjur'd vows from every grove.

ON
ORIGINALITY
IN
WRITING.

I HAVE often wished to see some well written Essay on the subject of ORIGINALITY IN WRITING. From the different ideas men form of the term, it does not appear to be sufficiently and properly exemplified. Some will have it that nothing ought to be considered as original that has ever been treated of, or handled before. Others, on the opposite extream, as strenuously assert, that every servile imitation, tho' it scarcely varies in the least from the original, is, notwithstanding, as strictly so as any other species of composition.

As the former assertion almost totally precludes all pretensions to Writing, (few subjects having been unattempted;) so the latter affords ample license and encouragement for every plagiarist to commence Author, and impose his servile compositions on the World, as the genuine product of his own Pen.

If

If the former opinion should be universally adopted, we should find all our attempts at composition superseded by those who have lived before us; and, (unless some new fund of knowledge were opened to mankind) we should be under the necessity of laying an embargo on the press, and tacitly follow the dictates of former ages. We must not dare to throw any new lights upon, or attempt to illustrate any subject that has been discuss'd before, tho' we possibly might, by such attempts, greatly illustrate and exemplify many things, which, in their first dress, might wear an aspect of ambiguity or obscurity.

The wise Solomon tells us "that there is no new thing under the Sun." Meaning I suppose, that in respect to the gratifications of sense, there was nothing new to him, who, in his own words, "had tried all things." But if he inferred thereby, that there could be no new acquisitions in knowledge, it was derogating greatly from his own wisdom, which we may often observe, he speaks of in the highest strain of eulogium. However, I am apt to think that the expressions indicate a kind of peevishness, incident to those who have indulged themselves in excess of voluptuousness, who affect to despise what they have lost all relish for. But to return to our subject.

A moment's reflection will inform us, that, as the faculties, inclinations and propensities of men, have been pretty much the same in all ages; and the objects of enquiry have been
equally

equally open to all; it is natural to suppose, that few subjects have escaped the observation of man, who is by nature inquisitive, curious and contemplative. But, tho' it is evident that every object in nature has always been under the immediate inspection of man, yet we find that all men have not beheld them in the same point of view; I mean, in regard to their peculiar destination or end in the creation.

Hence we may observe, that there is always matter for speculation to the curious observant mind, that delights to examine things, and not implicitly take all upon credit.

I shall take the liberty of giving it as my opinion, that it is not the novelty, but the mode of treating a subject, that constitutes what we call, Originality. To me, it does not appear incongruous to assert, that tho' Ten Thousand men may have, at different periods, treated upon the same Subject; yet all and each of their animadversions may justly be called Original, provided they were not previously acquainted with each other's sentiments. As a striking proof of the justice of this remark, let us only examine the SEASONS, as delineated by the pen of the ingenious MR. JAMES THOMSON. We shall find that the images and pictures, are by no means new, but on the contrary, such, as have been familiar to almost every man, who does not look upon nature, (as that author justly expresses it,) "with brute unconscious gaze;" and yet I believe, that all ingenious, sensible men, will confess, that that Author
has

has, by a kind of poetical magic, peculiar to himself, dress'd them in such an elegant stile, that they have all the charms, all the graces of novelty.

I think OVID may be stil'd an original, and such a one, as I think, will never be copied. He was, I must own, a man of infinite fancy (as another author expresses himself). but I must confess he never charm'd, tho' he has amus'd me. Nothing can, or ever will, enamour the mind; (which naturally loves, and pursues after truth) but that which has truth for its foundation. Genius is, most certainly, misapplied, if bent upon any other object. Things that are monstrous, can only please a deprav'd fancy; They disgust the ingenuous mind; nor can all the beauties of language compensate for the want of truth, that resplendent gem, that irradiates all things! But, when true genius employs its powers in illustrating the beauties of nature, it will always meet the suffrages of the wise and the virtuous; because, while he instructs, he entertains. While the harmony of his numbers charms the ear, the immortal truths that he sings, improve and enliven the mind.

In poetry, and works of fancy, it is extremely difficult to make any considerable proficiency, unless furnished with a luxuriant imagination. For this reason, we see many very indifferent attempts in that species of writing. However, the alacrity with which men engage in this agreeable

agreeable amusement, proves, that, tho' Poets are held in small repute amongst mankind, yet the *art itself* is considered as an embellishment in life.

MILTON and POPE, must I think, stand at the head of all the moderns. Their various excellencies and beauties, are too numerous for me to attempt to particularize in this Essay. The former has been done ample justice to, by an Excellent Critic, so that it were arrogant and superfluous in me to attempt any thing on that head. As to the latter, his merits are unquestionable, especially in Satirical composition, to which species of writing his genius seems to have been peculiarly adapted. His Rape of the Lock, is embellished with all the graces of poetic diction; is, in my opinion, the most original of all his writings, and the most Elegant Satire in our Language. In descriptive Poetry, he has few equals. His Windsor Forrest, is a master-piece of its kind; and, tho' I profess to be no great admirer of extravagant metamorphoses, yet the transformation of the Nymph LODONA, has irresistible charms.

SHENSTONE, displays peculiar delicacy in all his compositions; and, for simplicity, blended with elegance, in all his Pastorals, he has no equal. His extream modesty, and diffidence of the merit of his own performances, have been the means of bringing to light some well-written Sonnets, which, for tenderness and poetic beauty; rank very high. The Sonnet beginning—

“Go, tuneful Bird, that glad'st the Skies,” &c.

Contains

Contains more original beauty than I am able to describe. But of all his poetic compositions, I am the most taken with his Elegy, describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour. The language is incomparably well adapted to the occasion, and most judiciously calculated to impress the mind with sorrow on viewing so striking a picture of the deplorable condition of a woman, when divested of native innocence and virtue!

“ If thro’ the garden’s flow’ry tribes I stray.
 “ Where bloom the jes’mines, that cou’d once allure;
 “ Hope not to find delight in us, (they say,)
 “ For we are spotless jessy, we are pure.”

Were I not conscious that MR. SHENSTONE’S works are in the hands of every man of taste and refinement, I should be almost tempted to transcribe the whole Poem.

MR. CUNNINGHAM, has produced several pieces of great Merit, and in Pastoral Composition, comes the nearest SHENSTONE’S manner of any that has since appeared. His May-Eve, has been, and continues to be, justly admired; as it contains many beautiful images.

I shall now close this imperfect Essay with remarking, that originality in writing, is best attained by pursuing the subject in our own way, without consulting what others have advanced; for, by so doing, many have insensibly fallen into a servile imitation.

† ON THE SAVAGE DIVERSION OF COCK-FIGHTING.

I HAVE often observed, with a degree of pleasure, the beautiful, the sprightly appearance, of a well-feathered Cock. The luxuriant plumage of his neck, and fine tail exuberantly flowing over his back; give him an air of grandeur, superior, in my opinion, to any of our domestic birds. I love to see him, surrounded with his seraglio of females, strut along, with great pomp, the august monarch of the dunghill. It is pleasant to observe how this creature apes reason, when led by powerful instinct; he disdains to peck what the females seem to have a desire for. This refusing to make use of the power he has over them, appears as a lesson to mankind not to tyrannise over the weaker, whom, as having power, he ought to nourish and protect. It shou'd, I would think, afford more satisfaction to a rational being, to survey these creatures enjoying themselves in innocent tranquility; than to see them expiring in agonies, occasioned by a set of men, who stile themselves Christians. I am convinced, that, wou'd our doughty Gentlemen heroes of the *Sod*, gives themselves a little time to reflect on the inhumanity of such diversions; and look upon these creatures in the light I do; there

† This Essay, was first written in the year 1775, and was inserted in the Sentimental Magazine, for that year. Afterwards, (without my knowledge,) it was copied from the said Magazine, into the Annual Register, for 1775, where it may be seen amongst the Miscellaneous Articles, in that work.

wou'd

wou'd never be another Cocking-match, or Welch Main, fought in their time; and, I doubt not, but our children, influenced by so good an example; would scarcely think of renewing such barbarity. I suppose many of these Sportsmen, will say, "I glory in a Cock!" But then the misfortune is, they glory in them no further, than as they are subservient to their wanton cruelty: for, shou'd his favourite Stag (as he calls him) after having fought three successive battles, decline engaging in a fourth: or if engaged, and almost spent with toil, shou'd he endeavour to avoid his destiny by flight; or even make the least effort to recede; his neck must be immediately twisted, as the only reward for his prowess. Thus, he meets his fate from a quarter, the least expected; and I will refer it to any man of reason, whether the cruel perpetrator, does not, in this instance, prove himself has much a monster, and tyrant, as the detested emperor NERO. NERO, wantonly tortur'd men; because, being a monster in nature, he exercised the height of that despotic power, which the people foolishly placed in their princes in those times, untill fatal experience convinced them of that dangerous error: and, I know not what many of my countrymen wou'd do, unless restrain'd by salutary laws.

I never, but once, was a spectator of this barbarous, and ignorant amusement. I was, at that time, about 13 years of age; and have ever since, held that practice in the utmost abhorrence, and detestation. The sensations I felt, even

at that age, were painful. First, I was shocked to behold how strangely that once beautiful creature was disfigured. That beautiful tail, which did so adorn him, was now miserably lopped; and bore great analogy to that of an ostrich. In a word, he was so cut and mutilated, that he made a more despicable appearance than the meanest hen.

In this condition, he was led to the field of battle; and, because nature had not furnished him with weapons fatally keen, he was now supplied with artificial ones. I took notice of two men in striped jackets, whom, I afterwards understood, stiled themselves *Pitters*. Their business was, to encourage these little combatants to destroy each other. I observed, that many paid great respect to these men; and by others, they were kicked and abused.

The engagement began; and these little creatures exerted much agility; and mighty valorous they were, in their way. Oft were the bloody weapons extracted, by these doughty seconds; and as oft did they urge them to the fight. During all which time, the vociferous company almost stunned my ears with their discordant din. I would gladly have retired; but I found it was no easy matter to extricate myself from amongst them; I was therefore, obliged to wait the conclusion.

After

After many severe onsets, one of these poor creatures had an eye struck out by his antagonist's spur, which went with such violence, as to pierce quite thro' the head. The barbarous company, instead of commiserating, announced their joy, by a loud cheer, which was echoed thro' the whole circle. The weapon was again extracted; but this would not suffice: The combat must be again renewed. After a few more faint struggles, being now almost spent, and their spirits quite exhausted; they fell to the ground, gasping in agonies, which heads reclined on the grass. After a few seconds, one of them raised his head, and made a motion with his bill; upon which a second, and most tremendous roar, proclaimed him the victor.

I have been thus particular in describing this kind of diversion (which is practised and countenanced, by men, who sometimes appear in a certain august assembly: deliberating on important matters: Dog Acts, Game Acts, &c.) because, should any person who never heard of such things, read this; he would scarcely imagine that such practices could exist among men of sense, who live in a civilized country, and call themselves "followers of Christ."

But setting aside the cruelty of this diversion, what ruin has it brought upon families! How many poor mechanics leave their wives and children starving at home for want of bread, whilst they are rioting and revelling at a Cock-
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ing-match! How many of the higher rank have forfeited their estates, and entail'd POVERTY on their posterity, in order that they might pay, what they call, "Debts of Honour."

Now when such men as these commence Fathers, and heads of Families, what kind of morals can they be supposed to instill into their Children? Can it be expected that they will teach them Benevolence, Gratitude, Compassion, Charity, and the rest of the Social Virtues? Are they proper persons?

—————"To rear the tender thought,
 "To teach the young idea how to shoot;
 "And pour the fresh instructions o'er the mind?"

Alas! the contrary is evident. For, many of these have been known to abuse and beat their Children, for no other reason, than because they have given instances of a humane pacific disposition, in refusing to saw off the heads of poultry, or dash out the brains of a cat. Why! they will exclaim, "were not all creatures made for the use of man?"—But granting this (which many of our philosophers refuse to grant) does it follow from hence that they were made to be the objects of our wanton cruelty? Man is always ready to stile himself "Lord of the Creation!" but his pride makes him forget that he is a poor dependent creature himself. The following sensible and pathetic

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sentences extracted from the Oeconomy of Human Life, may not be improperly introduced on this occasion, and with which I shall conclude this paper. "Exalt not thyself to the Heavens; for lo! the Angels are above thee; nor disdain thy fellow inhabitants of the earth, for that they are beneath thee; are not they the work of the same hand? Thou that art happy through the mercy of thy Creator, how darcest thou in wantonness, put others of his Creatures to torture? beware that it return not upon thee!"

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### ON VANITY.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a greater impossibility in nature, than to convince a man that he is ignorant. Man will bear any ignominy with more patience, than that of being deemed deficient in point of understanding. Should you tell a man that he is an artful knave, a drunkard; &c. or brand him with some popular vice, to which he is particularly addicted; tho' the guilt is incurred by the consent and concurrence of his own will; and, for which he is therefore justly accountable; yet, as he supposes the commission of these crimes are a kind of set off to his character, implying acuteness and dexterity; you will find that he will not only bear the charge with patience; but will mistake the insult for a compliment: but should you impeach his judgment; throw the most distant reflection on his understanding; he will be transported with  
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rage and indignation, and will ever after hold you in the utmost abhorrence and detestation.

I am almost led to conclude, that there is scarcely one man in the kingdom, tho' ever so ignorant, who has not the vanity to imagine, that, were the reins of government put into his hands, he would produce a wonderful improvement in the whole System of Politics. I know Critics who cannot *read*, and politicians who cannot dictate a letter on the *common* concerns of life. I could produce numerous instances of persons pretending to equal penetration and judgment in regard to the merit of Authors, whose writings they never read, or could possibly understand, were they read to them. This presumption and arrogance, inherent in depraved man, is somewhat surprizing: but in my opinion, not altogether unaccountable. Vanity is generally supposed to originate from ignorance; but from some observations I have made, I do not find that vanity is peculiar to the ignorant. It seems to be a weakness, almost inseparably connected with our nature; as it certainly cleaves more or less, to all human beings.

"Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,

"And each vacuity of sense, by pride."—

POPE.

Tho' vanity is in itself, a weakness, and an irrefragable proof of imperfection; yet by its being universal, its effects become in some degree, salutary: for, the vanity of  
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the ignorant, counteracting the presumption and arrogance of the learned; certainly contributes to humble the aspiring, and the ambitious; who, without such seasonable checks, would be too apt to exalt himself more than his merits deserved. It is certainly a severe mortification to the haughty mind of man, (under whatever disguises he may attempt to hide it;) when he reflects, that it is in vain for him to exult in the consciousness of his superior talents; because, tho' his extraordinary sagacity and penetration may be acknowledged and applauded, by certain individuals, who have the faculty of discovering, and the candour to own them; yet there shall not be one in Five Thousand who will condescend to pay him any deference or respect, on account of his mental powers. There are, undoubtedly, many obscure characters possessed of abilities, which, if cultivated, would do credit to the statesman, or the orator; who, for want of those advantages, shall be overlooked and treated with neglect; and whose advice would not be the least regarded in any affair of consequence; tho' at the same time he has, on some occasions, evinced his superiority in a very eminent manner. Now, the true reason why deference is not always paid to superior talents, is, because that vanity which is predominant in every man, will not suffer him to discover any thing superior in his neighbour. All men imagine themselves sufficiently capable of conducting their own affairs; and, to receive advice from another, seems to convey an idea of inferiority, and is tacitly acknowledging their want of discretion: which,

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as I before observed, is the greatest affront that can possibly be offered to man.

There is one circumstance, however, that always softens the severity of advice, which I have never observed to have been touched upon; which is, the Title, wealth, appearance and rank of the adviser. There are many who would receive advice from a Gentleman, an Esquire, or a Right Rev. who would condemn the *same* advice from a person who did not possess some superior title, that is usually supposed to exalt man, or confer dignity. Tho' this absurd mode of acting is generally considered as a proof of ignorance; yet if it were properly analyzed, I believe it would be found to originate from vanity. Vanity induces men to suppose, that, by receiving advice from those, who in most respects, appear upon an equal footing with themselves, must subject them to a daily mortification, by seeing and conversing with those who have evinced their superiority, in proving themselves capable of directing their judgment.

Now the reason why we are prevailed upon to receive advice from the great, the wealthy, and the learned; may be traced from two causes: The first, (and which infatuates most weak minds) is, the notion, that good sense and acute penetration are inseparably connected with Title, Wealth and Grandeur. This dazzles weak capacities, and leads them to impute to these men, qualities that they never possessed. But the principal reason



reason why men are influenced to pursue the advice of great men, is, because they are, by their rank, and the distance they keep, excluded from their company. They comfort themselves with the consideration, that the man whose advice they pursue, is as far removed from his neighbours, as he is from himself; and, as his presence does not insult his own ignorance; it is therefore to him, much the same, as if the advice had come from some superior order of beings.

If the above, are not among some of the reasons for that insuperable aversion, which men entertain against receiving instruction; I shall be glad to hear some other man's opinion on the subject: for, tho' I do not profess myself to be entirely divested of this constitutional weakness, *vanity*, yet I can bear to hear or peruse other men's thoughts and opinions, tho' contrary to my own.

From the notion I have entertained of the reasons that induce men to think favourably of their own judgment; I the less wonder at the liberties many of them take to depreciate the labours of the quill: because I know, that every one who can hobble and read a *little*, *must*, and *will*, contribute his *mite* of *Criticism*. Poor men! why should any one endeavour to extinguish those *glimmerings* of reason, which they so pompously display on these occasions? One, by the help of that useful book, a *Dictionary*, finds a word wrong spelt, or transposed; by the  
compositor;

compositor; which he supposes, must be through the ignorance of the Author. By the introduction of a wrong Letter, and by the same means; a substantive may be converted into an adjective. This is matter of great triumph to the hypercritic; who does not hesitate to pronounce that the Author is ignorant of the parts of speech.

To such discerning geniuses as these, MR. STERNE, certainly alluded, where it is asked how GARRICK spoke the Soliloquy, &c. and where the answers are, "Excellent Critic! Admirable Grammarian!" &c.

The inference I wou'd wish to draw from this Ludicrous Essay is, that, to be moved at the ridicule or censure of the malevolent and the ignorant; is a weakness, which time and experience will remove. If a man should be so fortunate as to be able, by any little effort of his genius, to amuse or entertain a very small number of dispassionate well-disposed minds; what would he more?

Can it be supposed that the most melodious accents of music shall ravish the ears of those who have no taste? It is equally unreasonable to expect, that fine Sentiment or Elegant Composition, (which is certainly a species of harmony) will be applauded by those who are destitute of candour and discernment.

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## THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

IN my last Essay, I endeavoured to display the prevalence of Vanity amongst the lower class of mankind; in this, I shall consider vanity in an abstract sense; and attempt to prove, that what is generally considered as vanity, is not so in reality. I am the more inclined to treat upon the subject, because I have frequently observed, with concern, that vanity has been imputed as actuating the minds of men, whose labours have been highly meritorious and praise-worthy; calculated solely for the cultivation and improvement of true morality and virtue, without affecting the praise of mankind. Therefore, to stem the torrent of unjust calumny on laudable endeavours, I shall attempt to illustrate what is vanity, according to my idea of the term; yet let it be observed at the same time, that I shall not assume the arrogance of asserting the infallibility of my own thesis, lest I thereby very justly incur the censure of that vice which I am attempting to illustrate and explain.

I do not remember ever to have seen the subject treated of in the manner I could wish, If I am not mistaken, there is an essay upon the subject in the Spectator, but (with due submission to that great writer) I must take the liberty of observing, that, tho' I much admire his style and manner, yet I think he has not handled this matter with



with that impartiality and perspicuity, so conspicuous in the writings of that Superlative Genius.

Vanity, in the general acceptation, is understood to imply folly, dissipation, &c. and, in Scripture, it frequently implies wickedness of every denomination, but when particularly applied to men, it is understood to imply arrogance, vain-glory, &c. and when applied to composition, implies ostentation, &c. which, most certainly, is a true definition. But the misfortune is, that men do not seem to agree in their notions of what in reality, is arrogance and vain-glory; hence vanity is frequently imputed to actions, which, in my opinion, bear no analogy to vain-glory; and, the epithet is frequently bestowed on men whose actions reflect the highest honour on human nature. For instance, is not vanity generally supposed to be the motive that influences the man of Genius, to attempt literary composition? And at the same time, can there possibly be any thing more unjust? Is man to be deemed vain and arrogant for displaying to his fellow creatures the powers with which the Almighty has endued him? especially when we consider, that without such a display, they could not be of the least service either to himself or to others? Were not they given him for that purpose, to shew forth the benevolence of the divine donor? But methinks I hear some ill-natured melevolent carping mortal, declare with an air of exultation and triumph, "that the true definition of vanity is, AN

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OSTENTATIOUS DISPLAY OF HUMAN ABILITIES." In answer to which I shall observe, that this definition, in a great measure, coincides with my own; only I fear that we should disagree in our notions, with regard to the true meaning of the word OSTENTATION. If a modest display of human abilities, must be deemed ostentation, then I say that emulation, which is the source of all that is good and great, must be totally annihilated. It appears evident to my understanding, that all the efforts man can possibly exert to display his abilities, are by no means vain, but on the contrary meritorious; and that, an affectation of abilities which he does not possess, is what alone constitutes vanity, and baseness of spirit; as it is attempting to arrogate to himself the merit of what, by nature, he has no claim to. But surely the same ought not to be said of the man, who has produced instances of the superiority of his abilities and ingenuity, in things which are, in themselves, laudable; and for which, his genius appears to be peculiarly calculated? It seems altogether consonant to the order of omnipotence, for every man to shew forth the powers with which he is invested. If his attempts are worthy of approbation, they will not fail of meeting with their desert from the ingenuous and discerning; (whose suffrages alone are worthy of regard,) but then; if the creature should so far forget his subordination, as to assume an elevation above his fellow creatures; look upon them with contempt; imagine that particular veneration and homage is due to him, and even attempt to extort praise; he then not only  
voluntarily

voluntarily defeats his own purposes, but throws off his dependence on the creator, and immediately degenerates into an arrogant vain creature.

This is certainly the most gross and dangerous species of vanity, and which is too apt to stick to the wisest of mankind, if not most carefully guarded against. But what I must declaim against is, the mistaken notions men form of vanity. Men are apt to depreciate all things which appear too high for their conceptions, or do not fall in with their particular taste; and will brand the fabricator with vanity, in holding forth such opinions to the world. But this is altogether unjust, because all men cannot think alike; therefore, when we meet with any arguments or opinions; which do not meet our immediate acquiescence; if we cannot by arguments, prove them fallacious and unreasonable, we have no right to depreciate either the author or his opinions, merely because we have not the penetration to comprehend them.

If men are to be counted vain, in proportion as they rise above the generality of their fellow creatures, then I presume, that NEWTON and LOCKE, may be ranked amongst the vainest of mankind; whereas the reverse is well known to all who are the least acquainted with the lives they led, and the sublime researches their capacious minds were engaged in. The discoveries they made into the mysterious arcana of nature, taught them to be humble;  
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and with all their knowledge, they were only the more convinced how little they could know, when put in competition with the infinity which is beyond the reach of human faculties.

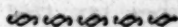
There are, indeed, some cases, wherein the exertion of human abilities were vain and ridiculous. For instance, should a man attempt to describe and illustrate the nature and properties of things, which are in their nature inscrutable to mortals; I should not hesitate to call such a man a vain Enthusiast. Under this predicament, I think we may venture to class the incomprehensible JACOB BEHMEN of mysterious memory; whose stile and mode of reasoning, sufficiently evince, that he has not understood himself: But if any other person pretends to, or in reality does, understand his "mysterious magnum" (as he justly stiles it) I ingenuously acknowledge, that he has compassed a thing beyond the reach of my capacity.

But in regard to men shewing their proficiency in Arts and Sciences which are, in themselves, pleasing and instructive, (and which have stated rules by which we may judge of their propriety and consistency,) is a laudable emulation. It is likewise altogether reasonable and consistent, because men are thereby entertained and sometimes instructed, by the labours of others. This observation will not, I think, be contradicted by men of impartial enquiry, who must be compelled to acknowledge that no man becomes vain,  
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but by affecting impossibilities, or (what is much the same,) the affectation of abilities which he does not possess. "There may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious and vain, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do;" Are the words of an Author whose writings I much admire. I hope what is said, will satisfy every one but the incorrigible critic, to whom I shall recommend the following lines, that he may chew the cud upon them.

- "One judges as the weather dictates, right,
- "The Poem is at Noon, but wrong at Night.
- "Another judges by a sure gage,
- "An Author's principles, or parentage;
- "Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
- "The Poem doubtless, must be written well.

YOUNG'S SATIRES.



#### ON CANDOUR AND SINCERITY.

IN the course of my observations on men and manners; I have remarked, that, tho' most men agree in extolling candour and sincerity, when blended in fictitious characters; yet how few have the spirit or resolution to imitate those characters in real life? Nay indeed I may justly affirm, without derogating from truth; that, sin-

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cerity and candour, are so far from being generally cultivated and practised ; that it is now considered as a mark of rusticity, and want of politeness, to shew any tenacity in maintaining those moral virtues.

I think the truth of the above observation, may be somewhat illustrated by mentioning some few matters of fact. I have heard many persons allow that the Character of SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, as drawn by RICHARDSON, is an amiable Character: but that it is a very unnatural one; and that it is morally, impossible for man to arrive at so much perfection. For my own part, I have always declared myself of a contrary opinion ; for, untill it can be proved, that SIR CHARLES is represented to have performed things impossible for human nature to attain unto; I shall not be willing to give up the point. That man who says that SIR CHARLES GRANDISON is an unnatural character, only tells me that his own heart is miserably depraved. I should rather say that such a character is *uncommon* than *unnatural*. He is only represented as a pattern of what all men of fortune *ought* to be, tho' in general, the very reverse of what they *are*. I have always observed that no circumstance in his History so much excites the astonishment of *little* minds, as his candour and uprightness in providing so liberally for his Sisters, when by their Father's dying intestate, SIR CHARLES might, without transgressing the Law, have left them in a state of indigence. To me, this only appears as an act of justice,



justice, without annexing to it any extraordinary degree of merit; because, whatever appears to have been the design of a man when living, ought (when laudable,) to be as punctually executed by his successors, after his death, as if he had actually lived to execute it himself. Is it not an article of our belief, that the Almighty will accept the good intentions of a sincere penitent upon his death-bed, and receive him into favour, in as full a manner, as if he had lived to lead that exemplary life his resolutions had formed? With what face therefore, could we petition for a favour of such unspeakable moment, if we could not bear to dispense a temporary one to our brother, or sister, which, tho' it appears so flattering in the eyes of poor depraved man, bears no degree of proportion, nor ought to be named as having any claim to a competition? With regard to man, all his designs and purposes are dependant on contingency; therefore, when a person lays hold on every opportunity of seizing what contingency, not justice, has left open to his avaricious gripe; such a one is, in my opinion, divested of every principle that adorns and exalts human nature. An inordinate love of the trash of this world, blinds the understanding, and renders us incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. We see all things through a false medium; and, many actions which men esteem as highly meritorious, would, if our understandings were more illuminated, appear no more than acts of common justice and equity.

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But this paper is not intended as a critic upon the History of GRANDISON, which seems altogether calculated for the imitation of those that are placed in what is called, high life. Those whose sphere of action is confin'd to a subordinate station, are destitute of the means of performing several acts of beneficence recited in that History. But is true magnanimity of mind peculiar to men in exalted stations in life? God forbid. Historians and Novel writers, generally ascribe great actions as peculiar to men of polite education and affluent fortunes; as if such men were alone capable of great actions, and refined sensations. Is it not possible to produce instances, to prove, that true greatness of soul has marked the characters of men in obscure life? and whose History, if touched with the pen of the ingenious DR. HAWKESWORTH, would make no despicable figure in an ORIENTAL TALE? Shew me the poor honest man, the Father of a numerous Family, who are sustained by the fruits of his industry; harassed by a series of unforeseen misfortunes, and afflicting trials: Shew me such a one surrounded with a train of helpless supplicants, soliciting for what he has not to give; pale *want*, with all its gloomy attendants; with restless vehemence attempting to assail his integrity; yet in this state of extreme indigence, to refuse sharing the reversion of an estate to the prejudice of another; he I say, displays more magnanimity of mind, than did GRANDISON, in the distribution of his supernumerary Thousands!

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But the principal design of this essay, was intended to point out the absurdity of mankind, in acting in such a direct contradiction to what their judgment approves; which is tacitly acknowledging that they think candour and sincerity pretty enough to decorate the hero of a Romance, but by no means necessary to be practised in real life. This is preferring the shadow before the substance with a witness, and degrading the man below the brute. But, in order to shew what is candour, and what is not, I shall attempt to illustrate my subject, by endeavouring to draw a contrast between the man of Candour, and the man who is destitute of that Virtue; or in other words, the dissembler.

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#### ON CANDOUR AND SINCERITY.

IN my last Essay, I only spoke of Candour in general terms. I shall now attempt a definition of Candour; and endeavour to prove, that he who does not strive to cultivate that virtue, is an enemy to himself, as he voluntarily neglects to promote his own real and most essential interest. But lest I should be deemed partial in my definition, when I call that man a dissembler, who is not candid and sincere; I shall just beg leave to premise, that, in the case of virtue and vice, it is impossible to act in a neutral capacity. Nothing is more true than the observation of the Author  
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of the "ÆCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE," when speaking of the period and uses of Human Life; "Say not that it were best not to have been born; or if born, that it had been best to die early; nor dare to ask of thy Creator, where had been the Evil had I not existed? Good is in thy power; the want of Good is Evil; and if thy question be just, lo! it condemneth thee!"

Now, if I might be permitted to attempt an illustration of the words of this sublime and elegant writer, I would define them thus, to render them more obviously applicable to my purpose. Man is a reasonable creature; good and evil are both before him; he is taught, not only by an innate principle, but by the precepts of education; the amiableness of virtue, and the deformity of vice. As a Citizen of the World, and a member of Society, he must be active in the affairs and transactions of mankind; consequently he will be under an unavoidable necessity of exercising several moral virtues, or their opposite vices; If he does not practise candour, he must make use of some quality as a substitute for candour, and that must be dissimulation. If, in this place, I have been thought too prolix, I shall hasten to the point in hand; which is, to draw a contrast between the man of candour, and the dissembler. The latter may be so easily distinguished, and is so well known in the world, that by the following short sketch you will quickly recognize the man. The dissembler is one, who, by exercising every *low* art and stratagem to conciliate the esteem of *every* man, is at length despised  
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by *all* men. He does not appear to have any fixed principle of his own, but always accommodates himself to the genius and disposition of the person, with whom he occasionally converses; and particularly where it is his interest to please.

He always affects a free open countenance; has a perpetual smile on his face whenever he meets you; and protests he is infinitely happy in finding you in health. When he imagines he can make you subservient to his purposes, he will affect a particular kindness, and appear extravagantly fond of your company. Will treat you, and, amongst other fulsome discourse, and empty professions, he will give you to understand, that, if at any time you are a little embarrassed in regard to cash; you may freely demand his purse, which, at all times, is at your *service*. Should you have occasion to put this avowed generosity to the test, by letting him know that, since he has been so very obliging as to make you a tender of his services; you will at such a particular day, be obliged to him for a favour of that nature. If the period you fix be at some remote distance, he answers, that he is glad you have made free to ask him; that you may safely depend upon it, and also that he shall esteem it a particular happiness in having it *in his power* to serve you. When you apply at the appointed time, you are surprized to find him out of the way. Should you see him some time afterwards, (as he will imagine you have been supplied elsewhere)

where) he will tell you he was quite unhappy to have been absent when you wanted his assistance; but that at any future time, you may safely rely on his generosity. Should you then inform him that you only borrowed the sum for a few days, imagining that when you saw him, he would immediately supply you with the means of discharging your obligation to your friend; what pity! he exclaims, you did not apply sooner! I have this very day supplied a very particular friend with twice that sum, and have left my self without one guinea.

Now, you, who are sincere yourself, are at a loss to devise why any man should voluntarily subject himself to make use of such pitiful evasions, for no apparent benefit or advantage? But he has no such reflections. He thinks you believe him; affects a sorrowful look, pities your distress; and, without reflecting on the poverty of his own mind, unfortunately mistakes you for the poor man.

In company, he affects to be distinguished for his loyalty; He generally toasts the KING, or some other loyal health. And, should he forget to display his loyalty, (as he sometimes does,) he drinks to every individual particularly, as "Sir your health, Sir your's, &c. and lastly, Gentlemen all your healths!"—This, he repeats so frequently, and with such ridiculous formality, that even the face of profound gravity is drawn up into a smile. His greatest ambition is to be thought upon an equal footing with the man who  
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is most wealthy, and who of consequence, talks the loudest. He anticipates the jest before it is spoken; appears enamoured with a story before it is half related; and laughs at every petty anecdote, that he imagines is intended to convey humour. Should he hear an absent worthy man loaded with calumnies, which he knows to be false; he has not the spirit to contradict any part of what is said, as he always makes it his rule, "never to contradict gentlemen in public company."

There are great variety of dissemblers, in every department of life; nay it his thought by some Philosophers, that certain characters of this stamp, have been artful enough to gain admittance into the courts of Princes; where they have, by a kind of natural magic, so far prevailed on the Ear of Royalty; and fascinated his understanding to that degree, that he has even been persuaded to consign over whole Provinces to the incursions of a perfidious enemy.

The Man of Candour, is one whom no pecuniary advantages can Bias, to act contrary to the dictates of his own conscience. He is constant and uniform in all his transactions amongst mankind. He is sincere in his professions of friendship. Is slow in promising favours; but when he has once given his word, in a matter of concernment, he is as sedulous in performing the conditions, as if bound by the most sacred oath. As he is sensible that  
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men can form no adequate judgment of the integrity of each other, but by their actions, he esteems it as the most consummate folly, for any person to attempt to recommend himself by a jargon of unmeaning words, and specious pretences. As he is conscious that Candour and Sincerity are not only amiable in themselves, but also the means of establishing his character amongst mankind; he knows that a contrary conduct would not only subject him to have recourse to a variety of low stratagems, which his soul despises; but wou'd also render him the object of contempt, both with God and Man. He has no inordinate desire after gain; or the accumulation of riches at the expense of his own peace of mind. Neither is he solicitous after titles of distinction; because he well knows they cannot augment his virtue, or dispense one moment's mitigation from pain and grief. And even FAME, which almost every person pursues, is to him, an empty phantom, which always eludes the grasp. Tho' the applause of men appears very desirable, yet he disdains to purchase it upon any other grounds than his own personal merit. If, by any remarkable effort of genius, he has been so fortunate as to make his name the subject of popular applause; he finds that he is not proof against entertaining a kind of tumultuous pleasure, on being thought the object of public approbation. Hence he finds that, the consciousness of being admired, subjects him to temptation, lays open the avenues of vice, by insensibly leading him to arrogate to himself the merit of what only belongs to the great disposer of all.

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This convinces him that, to have deserved well, ought to satisfy a reasonable creature, being sensible that *rewards* are, in wisdom, reserved for another state of existence. I shall conclude this discourse with a kind of Allegorical Eulogium, which perhaps may bear some marks of ORIGINALITY.

The candid and upright man is the noblest of God's creatures, his eye is fixed upon TRUTH; by her alone he regulates his actions, and is enamoured with the simplicity of her charms. He knows her to be of divine extraction, and coeval with eternity. When he contemplates her illustrious origin and divine alliance, he is fully reconciled to the guidance of her hand, being sensible that error is incommptatible with her name. When he considers her as the sister of LIGHT, who are both handmaids to JOVE, and assisted at the formation of all the visible creation, and of all those vast SYSTEMS that surround us; he knows that she can at last, conduct him to the regions of Eternal Bliss, where his soul will be swallowed up in the contemplation of divine excellence and perfection.

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THOUGHTS ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

MUCH has been said, at different periods of the World, on the subject of Human Happiness. Many expedients have been formed, by ingenious speculatists,
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for the attainment of this sublunary felicity: various have been the plans proposed, to facilitate the acquisition of this phantom of the imagination; as if it were possible for the powers of the human intellect to remain stationary, or fixed, for any considerable length of time, upon any single object.

In whatever situation we can possibly be placed, there will always seem a *something* wanting; a kind of involuntary sadness; which every mind feels, but cannot describe. Corporeal gratifications, we all know, are of transient duration; and, to many of them, even those accounted the most exquisitely pleasing; not only satiety, but disgust and languor succeed.

Intellectual enjoyments (which are certainly the most alluring;) are evanescent and fleeting; seldom affording that pleasing gratification that our sanguine expectations vainly anticipated. It may naturally be demanded, what is the cause of this grievous disappointment?

To me, there appears to be many cogent reasons why the mind never enjoys unmixed felicity in this state of existence; the principle one however is, that we are too apt to promise ourselves greater degrees of happiness than sublunary things can possibly bestow. When we are in pursuit of any promising gratification; we generally contemplate it in an abstract sense, as not being connected
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with contingent concomitants. We readily grant, that, in general, all human joys are imperfect; but do we not entertain a kind of mental reservation in favour of our own sagacity and prudence? Are we not apt to suppose that, in the general mode of human conduct, men frustrate the end of gratifications, by some mischievous injudicious management, for which they only are culpable; but which, we trust our nicer judgment, would have turned to a better account.

The various ways by which the vanity of man deceives him, and counteracts, even his best resolutions; are so numerous, that no person, in any degree acquainted with himself, will deny, that, on many occasions, he has conceived thoughts of his own superior prudence and discretion, that he would be ashamed to own. That these mistaken conclusions in our own favour, are among the many eccentricities of the human mind, most impartial men will, doubtless, readily admit: and, from this single circumstance, we have been led to form fallacious notions of the nature of human happiness. It would be arrogant in me not to acknowledge, that I have been repeatedly deluded in the participation of intellectual gratifications, by expecting a greater degree of satisfaction from them than the nature of things could admit.

I would wish to inculcate this maxim, (gained by experience) in the minds of all young persons, who have

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rational pleasure in view, 'not to expect more delight in any earthly gratification, than the nature of an imperfect being is capable of receiving.' From entertaining false notions of human felicity, in the enjoyment of the various pleasures, that the God of nature has wisely provided for us, in order to smooth the more rugged paths of our earthly probation; men have been led to pronounce all things *vanity and vexation of spirit*. This confession, tho' from the wisest of men, does not appear to be grounded on a rational judgment, a just estimate of the nature of things; or, to the grand scheme of the wise Creator, who could not provide any thing that was not *ultimately wise and good*.

For the consolation and encouragement of young persons, who wish to fill up the measure of their duty in social life; it is but *just* to inform them, that, if they preserve themselves untainted by *vice*, (which is ever holding forth her illusive joys;) they may find, in the intervals of their leisure hours, harmless amusements, that will leave no sting behind them. Youth, full of gay thoughts, and pleasing expectations, imagine that they shall find, in a full scope of exquisite gratifications, as much happiness in a few months, as, in the usual gradation of human pleasures, is experienced in a whole age. The modern *man of pleasure*, supposes that the "*Old put*, his Father, (as he insolently presumes to stile him) does not know how to enjoy life. His grave admonitions, (the fruit of many
years

years observation and experience) are, by him, considered as *stale* maxims; resulting from a total incapacity of enjoying life. Thus, deluded by his own vanity; and buyed up with the empty applause of a few raw boys, profligates like himself: he voluntarily rushes into every scene of dissipation: ruins his constitution, by wounding the stamina of life; Squanders away the hard-earned fortune of his industrious, and too indulgent Father: and, dreadful alternative!) too frequently falls by his own hand.

Such are the dreadful consequences of perverting the order of nature, and forming *erroneous* opinions concerning human happiness; for, even the profligate, (however paradoxical it may appear;) pursues happiness in his way, only he totally mistakes the road; and always despises every one who dares to inform him of his error.

To the youth of his age, I shall only further remark, that, if they are determined to pursue the bent of their inclinations, without being controled by reason; they must take the consequences. I shall, at the same time, observe that, if they endeavour to cultivate habits of virtue; they will not, in the end, have any just cause to declare, that *all is vanity*, and that *life is a bubble*, unless they chuse to *make it one*. For, he who lives agreeable to reason, that is, to virtue, lives happily; and he whose life hath been dedicated to laudable pursuits, cannot be
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said to have *lived in vain*; innocent pleasures will ever be the attendants on temperance and virtue; as pain, remorse and misery, are the natural consequences of vice.

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#### ON THE USEFULNESS OF MAGAZINES.

I ALWAYS reflect, with particular satisfaction, on the man who first favoured the world with a periodical Miscellany, under the appellation of a Magazine. His memory was so much revered by that excellent judge of mankind, the late DR. JOHNSON, that, I am persuaded the Doctor would not have written the life of MR. CAVE, but from that very circumstance of his being the Editor of a work; in the conduct of which, himself bore so considerable a part.

How trivial soever some men may affect to think publications of this kind; and in whatever contempt they may hold them, or the readers of them; I will venture to assert, that they have (I mean the respectable publications bearing that name, not the paultry trash and ribaldry that compose those under the name of the RAMBLER's, and the WONDERFUL MAGAZINES :) contributed more to the entertainment and improvement of the youth of this Kingdom; and have diffused more real knowledge among the subordinate part of mankind, than almost all publications united: nay, I may almost venture to say, more knowledge

knowledge has been gleaned from them, than from one half of the schools and other seminaries of learning in the kingdom.

The reason is obvious. There is a propensity in the nature of man, to wish to be amused at the same time that he is instructed: and, in the usual dry method of imparting knowledge in the schools, the mind is fatigued and harassed; nay disgusted, with the tedious haberdashery of moods and tenses, declension of nouns, &c. and consequently, by thus dogging their volatile minds, with matters beyond the reach of their capacities to fathom; disgust and languor ensue: the consequence of which is, they become negligent and inattentive. The master finds himself under the necessity of exercising severity; the boys grow dull and dispirited; and, if possible, more stupid: in the sequel, complaints are made to their parents, of unmerited severity being used; the boys are taken home for no other reason, than because they were unable to perform impossibilities. From the aversion they have conceived towards all learning, they often betake themselves to idle practices; debase the mind, contract evil habits, and finally, become useless members of society. Whereas, had they been carefully and gently, led, thro' flowery paths, to the temple of the Muses; that is to say, had they been permitted to exercise their young minds with such little pleasing stories, as divert and please the fancy; they would have perused their little tale with avidity,  
without



without having it imposed upon them: hence, the task would have become an entertainment; and they would have insensibly improved, without the drudgery of compulsive assiduity, and mortifying penance.

It may be asked where the grand fault lies, and what method I would propose to obviate these inconveniences, and improve the understandings of my young pupils? I will answer the queries, and give my unsolicited opinion, even tho' I should incur the displeasure of such parents as do not sufficiently attend to the capacities of their children, carefully watch their talents, and mark the bent of their geniuses.

The sensible, the candid, and the elegant MR. GAY, very justly observes, when speaking to a fond mother, on the too sanguine hopes she entertains of her children's preferment.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown,)  
 Each lot of life's already thrown;  
 That, this shall plead, the next shall fight;  
 The last, assert the Church's right:  
 I censure not the fond intent,  
 But how precarious is th' event!  
 By talents misapply'd and cross'd,  
 Consider, all your sons are lost?

GAY'S FABLES, part 2d, Fable 14th.

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The moral of this Fable is too obvious to require any illustration: and, is quite to the point in question, viz. That too many parents are blind to their own offspring; hence they mark out the line of life that all of their children shall act in, without reflecting whether their geniuses are adequate to the great objects in view; that is, whether they are likely to fill their respective offices with credit to themselves, and with advantage to the community. Of this, great judgment may be formed by the time they attain to the age of 14 years; some sooner; others, not even at that age: but there are some singular instances, of children displaying astonishing powers of mind, even at the age of five or six years. I, myself can assert the truth of this. But these are rare instances; and may be considered as singular exceptions to the general order of nature.

But we must take nature as it is, not as we would wish it to be; we must not expect children to think and act like adults. Their powers of mind must expand by degrees; they must be deceived (if I may use the expression) not dragged, into the love of learning. Whatever is imposed, is irksome: It is so to adults; well may it be so to children. Why therefore should we lay a task upon a child, that we would throw off from our selves? It is both unreasonable and absurd. What I would recommend as the most efficacious method to deceive children into the love of learning, is, to introduce into  
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our schools, in a more general manner, a judicious selection of pleasing tales, amusing fables, and instructive allegories. When, by this method, the pupils have acquired a competent knowledge of the art of reading and spelling, (and not before,) I would then have them to study grammar, and rhetoric; it is then, they will best relish it; and, I will answer for it, they will understand it ten times better. Emulation, will stimulate them to study it, after having already acquired the requisites that will enable them to understand the principles laid down for its attainment.

At present the cry of parents is, *put him forward as fast as possible in Latin*: I wish him to be a *Scholar*, I know he can learn *any thing*. The master, knowing the partiality of parents towards their children, is afraid of giving offence, by insinuating any doubt of the amazing aptitude and docility, of his new pupil; reasons (but not candidly) thus, "Why should I thwart the views of this weak parent? Why refuse the emolument held out to me, by expostulating with a person who will hear no reason? I will take the money, and let him take the consequences."

The absurd practice of attempting to initiate children into the knowledge of grammar, at an age, when it is impossible for them to understand the complex rules laid down for the attainment of its principles; is sufficiently obvious to every man of sense and candour. Is it not evident,



evident, by only observing with what promptitude *memory* will assist some boys to recite their *studied exercises*, who, when they come to apply the rules to actual composition, are so miserably deficient, as to evince, that all they say, is only like a parrot, got by rote.

It may be asked, what better mode I would introduce to facilitate the attainment of knowledge? I have, in some degree, anticipated it. To what I have before recommended, I would indulge the pupils in the perusal of some of the most approved periodical publications, particularly Magazines; many of which, contain an assemblage of agreeable, entertaining and instructive matter, together with whatever is pleasing, in the circles of public entertainment.

Poetry, which, of all other things, is most pleasing to young minds, and which, greatly tends to improve the taste; may be there found to amuse them. And, should any latent seeds of genius, lie hid in their minds, they may, by this means, be called forth into action. I have known literary attempts ushered into the world, and fostered with kindly warmth; by the indulgent editors of works of this kind; that, the authors, by thus knowing their own strength, have been encouraged to attempts that have claimed public approbation. Many of MR. KNOX's Essays, were published in the Universal Magazine, under the signature K, before they appeared Collectively. Many  
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of DR. GOLDSMITH's *Essays*, appeared in some of these public vehicles of knowledge.

I would not be understood to infer, from any thing I have advanced, that I expect every youth to be a Poet, or, an *Essayist*; by no means. These are gifts inherent in some minds; and are not to be ingrafted, tho' where they reside, they certainly may be improved. Such publications, as I have alluded to, by being introduced into schools, the boys are furnished with the *means* towards the attainment of information; and if, under these advantages, some individuals make no improvement; it demonstrably evinces a want of capacity.

I have often been led to think, that a book might be compiled from the various elegancies scattered through the writings of our English Authors; much more suitable, and better adapted to the capacities of youth, than any publication of the kind extant. I mean such a book as would comprize a sufficient quantity of matter; and yet come at a moderate price. ENFIELD's *Speaker*, (now a common school book :) is a judicious compilation for young men of mature age, who have acquired a true taste for the *elegant* and *sublime*: but, how, the fine strokes of nature, that appear in the quotations from SHAKESPEAR; the high strain of eloquence in the Speech of LORD LYTTLETON, or the Speech of C. MARIUS to the Romans; with many others that might be mentioned; can be under-

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derstood, or relished, by boys of eight years of age; is more than I can reconcile to my own satisfaction.

The recital of the various exploits and noble actions of the first characters in ancient or modern history; the *sublime sentiments*, the sudden *bursts* of *genius*, occasioned by the violent agitation of the *passions*, in men of the *first parts*, who were hackney'd in the ways of the world; cannot possibly accord with the feelings of raw, inexperienced boys, who have no knowledge of mankind.

It is a self-evident truth, that the true end of speaking or writing, is to make ourselves sufficiently understood. He who fabricates a book for general use, ought to accommodate his matter to the capacities of those to whom it is addressed; otherwise it will not answer the end proposed. Whether the book alluded to, is calculated for the capacities of young boys; I shall leave to the judgment of the discerning part of mankind.

The best compilation of this kind, that I have yet seen, is, "*The Pleasing Instructor*." It *was* a popular school-book; but it is *now* laid aside for the *Speaker*, but for what reason, I cannot devise. That the former, is better calculated for general instruction, is too obvious to require any investigation. There are two other books, that I would wish might be more generally read in schools; I mean GAY'S FABLES, and the ŒCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.



LIFE. I know not of any books so well adapted to instruct, entertain, and improve young minds; as also to facilitate their improvement in the art of reading. The Fables of MR. GAY, are written with such ease and elegance, that every person, (unless divested of common sense) must receive amusement from the perusal of them. As to the OECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE; I think it a *masterly* production; and does RICHARDSON, (the true Author of this sublime system of morality) as much honour, as either his CLARISSA, or his GRANDISON; tho' excellent in their kind: yet were I to chuse which of these productions I would relinquish, I should not long hesitate to give up the elegant Novels, rather than part with this fine System of Morality..

I shall close my Essay, with remarking, that, what is here advanced, is only to be considered as a slight outline of school education; and but preparatory to higher attainments. If a man has the welfare of his fellow creatures at heart; it is certainly laudable to advance his private opinion on every matter of public concernment; provided it does not militate against the peace of individuals, or the general happiness of the community at large.

It is a truth not to be controverted, "that the more light that is thrown upon any object, the more it will be illuminated." What is true in vision, is equally so in morals. It is thro' the combined efforts of speculative  
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men, in the successive ages of civilization, that the sciences have arrived to such a degree of comparative perfection. Every succeeding age, adds a little to the general stock; and, tho' a single individual should only contribute as it were, a *mite* to the public good; he certainly merits some degree of regard, since his aim is not partially directed to the benefit of a few individuals, but to mankind collectively.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE TATLER AND SPECTATOR.

THERE is no period of my life, that I reflect upon with so much pleasure, as when I first read the TATLER and the SPECTATOR. My mind was, at that time, detached from all cares, unconnected with the affairs of the world, and its concomitant anxieties. I read with a desire to be entertained and benefited; and, I trust, that my reading was not misapplied. My method was, to begin with the first volume, and peruse every paper in regular succession: by which means, I was enabled to enter into the plan and design of the work; gather all the references to former papers; and (without exercising any extraordinary degree of penetration and discernment;) I could discover the connection of its parts: and the end and scope of the Author's views, in exhibiting to the world a work of such transcendent merit and excellence. The SPECTATOR, particularly, is a compleat work, comprizing in itself, almost every excellence, than can decorate and embellish human
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composition. Exclusive of the elegant and sublime religious and moral Essays, particularly, those on the pleasures of imagination: the judicious critic, on MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, &c. there is also character, incident, and plot; all of them supported with much greater propriety; and, infinitely more natural, than I have ever observed in Dramatic composition.

The principal Characters in plays, are generally, so much overcharged, that they do not apply to characters in real life. The incidents are generally such, as seldom, if ever, occur in the natural train of events. Indeed, the characters, in most of the plays I have read, do not seem to have the privilege of free agents; but appear to be hurry'd on by an involuntary impulse, to the perpetration of actions, the most unnatural, preposterous and absurd. This, the Author seems to be under a kind of necessity of doing, in order to hasten the catastrophe; where inevitable ruin of fortune, and sometimes suicide, is to conclude a life of the most consummate folly and guilt.

But, on the contrary, the imaginary club mentioned in the SPECTATOR, is composed of such characters as are seen every day, in real life. They act as men who possess, and exercise, the gift of free agency. They are placed in stations, that require regularity of conduct, and rectitude of principle. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, is represented as a country gentleman, of genteel, tho' not courtly,

courtly, education. He is not classically learned; but he is possessed of plain good sense: hath an excellent heart and tender sensibility; but, from a total inattention to certain punctilio; (deemed so essentially necessary for those who wish to figure in genteel life;) he is sometimes betrayed, in the warmth of his heart, into acts, that subject him to inconveniences; which seem to reflect dishonour on his character.

The circumstance of his disappointment, in not obtaining the amiable widow, (whose reception, and appearance in the court of justice, is capitally drawn;) gives the Knight frequent opportunities of throwing out many judicious reflections; not more natural and innocent, than pleasing and instructive. SIR ROGER, seems indeed to have been MR. ADDISON's favourite character; I own he pleases me very much. I am sure the clergy owe much to the memory of MR. ADDISON; for he has supported their character in a manner that does the highest honour to the liberality of his heart. I will take this opportunity of observing, (without adulation,) that there have been, and now are, men of that order, who, for genius and worth, may vie with the highest characters in life. Amongst those of the last century, DR. TILLOTSON, and DR. BARROW, rank high in my esteem: and, as to those of the present age, the Bishops of LONDON, and LANDAFF, bid fair for posthumous fame. My readers will pardon this digression.

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Does not the character of the Templar, exhibit a man of the strictest honour and probity in his profession? CAPT. SENTRY, seems to be a character struck out, and supported by MR. STEELE, who has done him great justice: But of all the characters in that respectable society; that of WILL HONEYCOMB, is the most finished and natural; and, I believe, gains the greatest number of admirers. He is, I must own, the most compleat man of pleasure that I have any where met with. His boasting of favours from ladies, whom he never saw, and his asking the advice of his friends whether he should marry the richest lady in town, (who, by the bye, he never spoke to,) is no more than I have known of a beau of a subordinate order.

The circumstance of his marrying his dairymaid, after all his boasted connections with the highest and most elevated characters amongst the fair sex; and his apologizing letter to the club, on this extraordinary event, wherein he attempts to extenuate his conduct, in a strain of affected reformation and piety; is the most masterly picture of a *reformed rake*, that can, perhaps be found, in the writings of any author of modern date. In a word, I have always considered the SPECTATOR, as the most complete periodical work that the world was ever favoured with; and, the ingenious Authors of this beautiful assemblage of all that is innocent, useful, and even elegant; shall always have my warmest approbation.

I hope

I hope it will not be deemed arrogant in me, should I just observe in this place, that, unless a person warmly interests himself in the fate of characters, that are exhibited to him, (whether real or fictitious,) he will never thoroughly enter into the true spirit of what he reads. Whoever takes up a book in a careless indolent frame of mind; and only reads a little here and there, in a cursory manner; whatever his natural abilities may be; will never enter into the author's plan, discover one half of his beauties; or catch the sublime spirit of his sentiments.

In like manner, if a man sits down with a malevolent intention to carp at slight inaccuracies and trivial faults, (which may be found in all human compositions) he may indeed please himself with having discovered, in amber, (as POPE says.)

“Hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms,”

but then he entirely frustrates the true end of reading, which is, to obtain knowledge, or receive entertainment.

Some have found fault with the SPECTATOR, as containing many papers of a light trivial kind. Granted. But then, may not this be dispensed with, even on the score of *relaxation*, from more serious and interesting matter. But even in these papers, there is more merit than perhaps, may, at first sight, be discovered. The SPECTATOR, in delineating

delineating many characters, was under the necessity of adopting, not only their stile, but their weak and futile mode of reasoning. As an instance of which, we may read the letter from MISS B. D. in No. 475, wherein she describes the perfections of MR. SHAPELY, asking the SPECTATOR's advice, whether she should marry that accomplished gentleman, (who is all perfection in her eyes, and whom she is determined to marry at all events;) is a letter replete with girlish passion; contains indeed, not much *weighty reasoning*, but a great deal of *human nature*; and shews what superficial accomplishments had gained an unsurmountable ascendancy over her childish mind.

"If you did but see how he rolls his stockings!" and, "I wish you could see him dance!" are aspirations, peculiar to girls in love with *pretty fellows*!

The History of FLAVIA and CYNTHIA, is a most interesting story; is closely copied from nature; is a true picture of the manner that love matters are conducted, and broken off, in polite circles; and, a melancholy portraiture of the natural—no, I recall the expression; I say the *acquired*, depravity of a mind, that will be at no pains to cultivate, and establish, principles of candour and sincerity.

From the celebrity of MR. ADDISON's literary character; and his great abilities as an Essayist, many persons have
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been ready to pronounce that there are no papers of considerable merit in the *SPECTATOR* or *TATLER*, except those that were written by him. There is certainly much prejudice in this assertion, which, in my opinion is ungenerous: it likewise displays more malevolence than nice discrimination. The papers furnished by *ADDISON*, must be allowed the pre-eminence, yet, that the whole of this justly-celebrated work, is executed in a superior style, by writers of the greatest abilities; must be confessed by every man of candour and generous principles.

The 87th paper of the *TATLER*, written by *SIR RICH. STEELE*, containing the judicious and sensible reflections on the dignity of human nature, under all the disadvantages of life; is beautifully exemplified and illustrated in the Epistle from Serjeant Hall. In the whole of this paper, *MR. STEELE* wrote from the genuine feelings of his heart; and, when a man writes from his feelings, he seldom fails of drawing forth similar feelings from the breasts of his readers. Man is every where, the same; different education, and situations, in which he may be placed, give a different bias to his thoughts and actions. Let no man therefore exult as being superior to another. All men are alike obnoxious to contingencies: but let every one aim, to the utmost of his power, to promote virtue, peace, and concord, amongst his fellow mortals, as he must assuredly answer to the contrary, at his peril.

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REMARKS

## REMARKS ON DR. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.

NEXT to the SPECTATOR, GUARDIAN, and TATLER;  
I am most taken with DR. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.

This delightful periodical work, if we contemplate it in its full magnitude, must excite our admiration and astonishment. When we reflect, that no fewer than 205 beautiful sentimental Essays, were furnished by one man, in the short period of two years; it must make us *think* a little; and unless we have more shallow pride than good sense; we shall be led to adore that inexhaustible source of all perfection: who can bestow on his creatures such wonderful emanations of his wisdom.

Many critics have attempted to detract from the merit of the RAMBLER, by observing, that the doctor's stile is unnatural; that it is laboured, stiff and formal; that he is always introducing words derived from the Latin; that there is a certain turgidity in his writings, that is disgusting: with many other little minutæ; that plainly prove them to have been actuated by that ungenerous principle of malevolence. The matter of fact is, that they sicken at superior excellence. That the doctor makes use of many words derived from the latin, is very true; but are they not, in general, such words as are allowed to be embellishments to our language; and such as have a peculiar softness



softness in the pronunciation? He tells us in his last Number, "that he had laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. "Something, he hath certainly added to the elegance of "its construction; and something to the harmony of its "cadence." I think he very justly observes, "that, "whoever knows the English tongue in its present extent, "will be able to express his thoughts without further help "from other nations."

If the Doctor has any fault in his papers, it is in making use of fine sounding words, to express low ideas, or matters of very trifling import: but the many excellencies dispersed through this beautiful work, so far out balance the slight imperfections; that it were the height of meanness to dwell upon them.

The RAMBLER essentially differs from the SPECTATOR, in the plan and design of the work. The SPECTATOR is avowedly, a Censor on the reigning manners of the age. In order to accomplish this plan, and make it apply to characters in real life, it was certainly essentially necessary to elect a club composed of characters, who were able to discriminate in a proper manner, upon whatever came under their cognizance; and give in their report to the club. MR. STEELE, was the official medium thro' which the intelligence was conveyed to the public; whilst the  
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active members were screened behind the curtain, to be brought forward at a convenient opportunity. The fictitious signatures affixed to most of the papers, afford a demonstrable proof of the ignorance and malevolence of the critics, who, in all ages, are ever nibbling and carping at that excellence which they cannot reach. It is humerous to hear them imputing papers to wrong persons; and reprobating the abilities of a man, whose Essay, had, that very morning, exhausted all their powers of panegyric.

But the plan of the RAMBLER is quite of a different nature. DR. JOHNSON's forte is, abstract reasoning, nice discrimination; deep research into the human mind; tracing out the latent causes of events; and the motives that give rise to such extraordinary effects in the actions of free agents.

He appears to have the faculty of penetrating into the inmost recesses of the human heart; finding out every labyrinth in the mind of man: and painting to him in words, what himself only imperfectly conceived. From the most trivial hint, the Doctor will branch out into arguments the most ingenious, subtle and insinuating. From the bare circumstance of his neglecting to prepare, in time, a paper for the day, he sat down and penned that excellent discourse on the folly of procrastination.

I know,

I know, that men forget, or overlook, many things, which, upon a second reading, they will more minutely examine, and admire. Let any man of good sense and discernment, read the first nine numbers of the RAMBLER, and then answer, whether they do not contain more ingenious argument than is to be found in any nine Essays of the same length, in any periodical work since the SPECTATOR; for, I must except MR. ADDISON's inimitable papers on religion, and on the immortality of the soul. There is a masculine dignity, an easy elegance and beauty in MR. ADDISON's writings, that captivate, and charm the mind.

The most shining talent in MR. JOHNSON, is his happy turn for Allegory. In this species of writing, I do not think he has any equal in our language. His Allegory of Truth and Falschood; his Allegorical History of Rest and Labour; The Voyage of Life; with his Garden of Hope, &c. are irrefragable proofs of a superior mind, and enlarged faculties.

There are however, some papers in the RAMBLER, which, tho' ingeniously written, do not accord with my ideas. I mean the principles he reasons from, do not meet with my acquiescence. One instance of the kind may be found in No. 64. "On the requisites to conciliate Friendship." I give the Doctor credit for the ingenious manner, in which he has treated this Essay in most of its parts;



parts; but "that, the first act of uncommon kindness should endanger the growth of Friendship," on the part of the party obliged; is a position that will not stand the test of sound reason; for, tho' the delicate mind of man may be a little hurt, at the reflection of having received benefits that he cannot repay in the same coin; yet he should pay his Friend the compliment to believe, that he thinks himself sufficiently rewarded in having it in his power to dispense favours on a worthy object. Gratitude on the part of the receiver, would, I should, suppose, be a sufficient compensation, when it is not in his power to discharge the debt in a pecuniary way. A mutual participation of favours, is generally most agreeable to both parties: but then in this case, the disinterested part of friendship, can have no existence. The first, is only the *friendship of the world*, which Christ so much reprobates.

I had no intention of introducing this remark, when I began this Essay; neither is it intended as a reflection upon DR. JOHNSON's judgment: it may however shew, that all men do not see things in the same point of view; tho' they may be equally tenacious for the public good.

His remarks on the various ways that men deceive themselves, in supposing that their *own* lives will not be short; are written with much ingenuity and good sense. The 8<sup>th</sup>, and the 11<sup>th</sup> papers, are beautifully written; and contain many useful observations; well worthy of our  
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most serious attention. No. 180, contains all that can well be said, on the danger of too great application to the severer studies; as being the means of relaxing the ardour of that duty which we owe to God, and to our fellow creatures. But, there is no paper in the RAMBLER that has afforded me so much delight, as, No. 97, which was furnished by an anonymous correspondent. The subject is really interesting; and the style is so easy and familiar, that, I think every man who has experienced the truths therein contained, must be affected by his manner of handling them. The letter is of equal importance to this age, as to that in which it was first written; for alas! so transient is this state of existence, that the short period of 40 years; (the time elapsed since the first publication of the RAMBLER,) almost comprize the life of man!

In offering these remarks on the merits of the *SPECTATOR*, *TATLER*, and *RAMBLER*; it is hoped I shall be exculpated from the imputation of conceit or arrogance; since I claim but a very small degree of merit on this head: little invention being exercised in cursory remarks of this nature. However, it may be the means of exciting some few of my readers, who are of a speculative turn; to examine with greater care, and more scrupulous nicety, the papers I have alluded to. If, on having made the scrutiny, they should find more merit in those writings, than, from a superficial perusal, they have hitherto dis-

covered ; I shall at least claim the merit of having directed their views to where solid entertainment is to be found.

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REMARKS ON THE EPITHET "GOOD FELLOW."

MR. LOCKE, in his *Essay on human understanding*, very sensibly animadverts on the abuse of words ; and has filled several pages on the subject. It is certain that there was but too much ground for his undertaking to write on the abuse of words ; and indeed, at this day, there appears full as much occasion to censure that practice, as in his time. However, it is not my intention to enlarge on the inconsistency of it, as it would lead me from the chief design of this essay. I shall therefore confine myself to only one instance of the kind, and that is the epithet "good fellow," generally bestowed on drunkards.

The original use and design of words, was, for the immediate conveyance of ideas. Almost every word has a certain distinct idea annexed to it, hence words may be termed the figures, or images of the ideas they convey. Now so long as we do not pervert their use, by annexing to the same words different ideas, language continues to be intelligent ; we are perfectly enabled to understand each other, and reason on variety of subjects ; but, when men, either thro' wantonness or ignorance, make use of the same words to express ideas, as opposite in their nature, as the
poles

poles are with respect to each other, it is most certainly, the grossest insult on the original design of speech. To address a drunkard by the appellation of "good fellow," is not only an abuse of words, but also involves a manifest contradiction. Every English reader, who has any knowledge of grammar, knows, that the adjective "good," implies the object referred to, to be possessed of desirable qualities; which a drunkard, as such, is not. The general acceptation of the substantive "fellow," is understood to imply a mean wretch, or a despicable person. Consequently, when these words are addressed to any man they naturally involve a manifest contradiction.

Christ, held the word "good," so sacred, that he re-proved the young man, mentioned in scripture, for addressing his outward manhood by the appellation of "good master;" and yet it is certain that no one *more strictly merited* the title. But the moderns, at this day, prostitute the word good, on almost every occasion, and never more so than when they call a drunkard "good."

There is no single vice, (save murder,) which, in my opinion, so greatly degrades human nature, as drunkenness. Some, perhaps may say that "gluttony is more detestable," to which, I answer, There is no difference that I can perceive, they are *one* and the *same*: the distinction, (if there be any) lies in this, that the one gorges *vituals*, and the other guzzles down *liquids*. The latter seems more
beastly,

bestly, as it deprives him of the use of his reason, and reduces him to the same standard; tho' in effect, they are equally gluttons.

I remember to have heard one of the votaries of BACCHUS declare, "that to rail against drunkenness, was to utter blasphemy against the Gods, and a satire on all mankind." I must confess I could not but smile at the idea he formed of *divinity*; but at the same time, was sorry to hear a charge laid to the whole race of mankind, which only related to individuals. It is certain, that drunkenness is a vice that is very common; but allowing that the greatest part of men are addicted to excessive drinking, it surely does not follow from hence, that *all mankind* are drunkards: — neither does it being *common*, render it the less reprehensible, or make it the less heinous and detestable any more than the contempt of virtue diminishes its genuine beauty. However, I am persuaded, that the indulgence they are favoured with, from the rational, sober part of mankind, prevents them in a great measure, from discovering their real meanness and deformity. The terms "*good fellow, jolly soul!*" and such kind of ridiculous epithets, make them begin to conceit themselves heroic spirits, and what not: whereas, were they but treated with the contempt they deserve, it probably might be the means of exciting in them a sense of shame, and possibly contribute to reform their behaviour.

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It is astonishing to think how men's senses have been debased, and their ideas corrupted, by continuing in a course of rioting and dissipation for a succession of years. A friend of mine, once related to me the following story which he was an ear witness to. A jolly *toper*, soliciting an acquaintance of the same stamp, to accompany him into the country for a few days, on a party of pleasure, and to pay a visit to another of their boon companions, who resided a few miles out of town; the other objected, alledging, that business of importance, required his attendance at home. The first, made use of every argument his mind could suggest, but without effect; at last however, he was heard to pronounce, with peculiar emphasis, the following words. "Why man, we shall have *such fun* as never was known; besides, we shall be as drunk every night, as DAVID's fow." This argument was not to be withstood, it was irresistible. The idea of being as drunk every night as "DAVID's fow," made so sensible, so forcible an impression on his mind, that all his former objections vanished in an instant, and he immediately *swore* he would share the *delicious fun* with him.

It is a notion strangely prevalent amongst a great part of mankind, that getting drunk together, is the cement of friendship, and, that it can by no means subsist without it. If a man has occasion to go abroad, let his business be ever so urgent or momentous, yet if he neglects to appoint a meeting at a tavern, and pay what is called "his
farewell,"

farewell," he must be branded as a pitiful fellow. I would by no means, condemn the drinking a harmless glass together, if opportunity offered, it is laudable and harmless, when conducted with decency and order, and confined to the bounds of moderation. But alas! amongst toppers, there is no medium. If the master of the treat, does not "*keep it up*" until day-light, he is looked upon as one of a dastardly spirit. They imagine too, that they shall appear "*dull rogues*" unless they distinguish themselves by some extraordinary achievement.—Accordingly, some bright genius more enterprising than the rest, gives the signal in the true buck-stile "come, my bucks! let's kick up a dust!" smash goes the punch-bowl, and the whole apparatus on the table. Chairs, looking glasses, &c. are sacrificed as an offering to BACCHUS. After which, they all fall forth like a troop of banditti; perhaps a fiddler in the train, most miserably persecuting cat-gut, and may be said to act literally, in the character of ORPHEUS, making the beasts dance around him.

It is difficult to describe the various instances, of wit and genius displayed on these occasions. After having given sufficient proof of the harmony of their vocal powers, by voiciferating in the highest key, they have recourse to muscular force. Carriages, carts, butcher's bulks, in a word, every moveable object in their way, is overturned, displaced or broken. After having exhausted their more than Herculean rage, on these unresisting, harmless

harmless objects, they return in triumph, like so many CÆSARS or ALEXANDERS, and recount, over the concluding bowl, these unparallel'd nocturnal exploits; and compliment each other as droll geniuses, and infinite in facetiousness and humour.

Is it not the most gross abuse of language, to call that man a "good fellow," who not only degrades himself below the brute creation, but what is worse, endeavours by every artifice to reduce others to the same standard? He looks upon it as a magnificent exploit, when he has persuaded a poor, inoffensive, inexperienced man, to overcharge himself with liquor,—your "good fellow, will shake you by the hand, and tell you he loves you in his soul, when at the same time, his design is, to deprive you of the use of your reason; and will call you an unmannerly clown, if you decline drinking, till you fall beneath the table, that he may have the opportunity of indulging himself in a brutal laugh. These "good fellows," are often what we call "good natured;" which gives them an opportunity of being more agreeable, and consequently more dangerous, companions. Good nature, is an amiable quality, and naturally attracts our esteem; tho' in fact, it reflects no *merit* on the possessor, because it is entirely constitutional; yet the vulgar falsely attribute it as a merit in those who are by nature endued with it. When the physiognomist told SOCRATES, that the traits of his countenance, indicated him to be naturally prone to anger
and

and drunkenness, the philosopher owned the justice of his remark : yet (to his immortal honour be it spoken !) this *same* SOCRATES, exerted such fortitude, that he triumphed over both these failings, and afterwards, became the pattern of self-mortification, sobriety and placability. Now this was meritorious in a person, whose natural disposition was averse to either of these virtues.

But what, in my opinion, renders drunkenness altogether inexcusable, is, because it is not a casual weakness, incident to mankind in general. The contrary is evident, and we need only appeal to facts, to prove our assertion. —Are not youth in general, averse to inordinate drinking? Nay, do not many of them confess, that, after a hearty draught, they detest the taste of liquor? Nature retorts against it. Nature indeed, does invite to sensual enjoyments, but intemperance, is incompatible with her name : But men voluntarily become sots and drunkards thro' a mistaken notion of seeming *manly* ; and falsely imagine, that sobriety and effeminacy, are inseparable.—Art thou blest with a hale constitution? Has nature been liberal in bestowing upon thee, elegance of form? Has she “ diffused on thy cheek the rosy flush of health?” Be thankful and humble : But wouldst thou preserve the blessing, and enjoy the bounties of nature? shun the forceress INTemperance. Let no Bacchanalian persuade thee that a blotched pimpled face looks more masculine than a healthy florid countenance. But not enamoured with the appellation of
“ good

“good fellow,” but rather endeavour to merit the character of “a good man.”

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THOUGHTS ON THE ADVANTAGES, ARISING FROM THE  
PERUSAL OF AUTHENTIC HISTORY.

THERE is no kind of writing, that contributes so much to enlarge our views, and to give us so perfect a knowledge of mankind, as Authentic History. Poetry; Moral Essays, &c. are useful in their places; and certainly claim a considerable share of public attention; as they improve the taste; amuse and edify the mind: but to know MEN; to view them thro' all the disguises that ambition avarice or dissimulation, occasionally prompt them to assume; we must peruse History. It is there, that the stately Monarch, the Subtle Statesman, the ambitious Courtier, the fawning Sycophant; all pass before us in regular procession. The pomp of title; the ensigns of power; with all those little appendages, that caught the *living* multitude; all these are thrown to the *back ground*, in this letter'd transcript of man.

In this undisguised view of human nature, it is only genuine virtue, and true greatness, that claim our regard; and demand from us the just-earned tribute of respect and approbation.

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I have been a little surprized, at the supineness of some people, in neglecting to furnish their minds with a general idea of History; particularly, that of their own country; especially; as it supplies the mind with matter to embellish and enliven, conversation. This, one would suppose, were sufficient of itself, to stimulate youth to peruse history; even if there were no weightier motives, to incite them to the task. It appears a little extraordinary, that men should be so delighted with a recital of the most trifling incidents, and find no entertainment in the rehearsal of the most interesting and momentous events."

If any person should observe, that those circumstances that fall within our immediate notice; are sufficient for us to be acquainted with; I must own his ideas are very contracted. It is, by setting before our eyes, the transactions of former ages; and the consequent events arising from them; that we are enabled to form any just notions of the rectitude of human conduct. Precepts would, in a great measure, lose their force, unless they were strengthened by a succession of facts, that demonstrate their utility. There is not in my opinion, a more rational or instructive entertainment, especially to youth, than the perusal of authentic history, particularly, that of our own country. The history of this country, affords many benefits and advantages to young people; which, tho' obvious to some minds; are not discovered by all. Some few of them I shall here briefly mention.

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I shall first instance this truth, which our history emphatically impresseth upon the mind; which is, that pride, hypocrisy and superstition, have ever been the occasion of all those horrid persecutions and massacres, that reflect such dishonour on the annals of our isle. It is almost unnecessary to add, that ignorance and pusillanimity, have always nourished and supported, what superstition, hypocrisy, and ambition, thought proper to impose.

When monarchs became despots, and uncontrollable power was invested in the hands of a few individuals; those in subordination, become mere vassals, in the strictest sense of the word. Those individuals, in whom this power was invested, made use of every possible means to maintain their superiority, and strengthen the hands of power; and they hit upon means the most effectual that human policy could suggest. First, they took care to monopolize to themselves all the learning of the times, and totally deprived the common people of the least ray of science. Thus awed by their authority: kept in ignorance by their policy; and struck with the apparent solemnity of the rites they enjoined them; it need not surprize us, that many of them were persuaded to become the *instruments*, to execute the most shocking enormities on their fellow creatures.

Miserable must be that nation, whose religion, has ambition and avarice for its basis, whilst ignorance and  
superstition



superstition constitute its superstructure. But what an unspeakable benefit does that country enjoy, where the rays of science, are universally diffused, compared with those, where learning is confined within the mouldy walls of a cloyster; where it is too frequently exercised to oppress the simple and undesigning. It hath been a received maxim with some; (and hath ever been adopted, by tyrants and despots of all ages;) that it is entirely inconsistent with the true policy of any nation, to encourage learning among the common people: that it only contributes to corrupt and effeminate their minds, and render them averse to industry, and the useful employments of life. But this is wretched sophistry, and only calculated to serve base purposes.

Despotic princes know, that, when men's understandings are cultivated and enlightned; and their ideas enlarged, so as to be capable to form adequate notions of the nature of true government; and the equal distribution of laws; they will no longer submit to the haughty menaces and cruel impositions of a tyrant; but will make use of some expedient to depose him: But a wise and virtuous prince, is sensible, that the cultivation of useful knowledge, is the only means to impress the minds of his subjects with a proper sense of the duty they owe to a Sovereign, who is the Father of his People; and of the beauty, regularity, and order, of a well-concerted government.

About

About the latter end of the reign of HENRY 8th, learning began to dawn in this kingdom; and, tho' the spirit of enquiry was much impeded in the reign of that furious, bloody-minded bigot, MARY; yet the spark that was lit, blazed out afresh, and with accelerated ardor, on the accession of the accomplished ELISABETH. When men were now permitted to think for themselves, and exercise the gift of reason; they readily acquired the method of distinguishing between right and wrong, and to contradistinguish between that spirit which works by love, and that which maintains its supremacy by fire and sword.

It must be acknowledged, that we owe much to the memory of those learned and ingenious men, whose writings contributed so much to strengthen them in the belief of the superiority of those principles, that enjoin nothing that is not ratified by the concurrence of our own consciences. Without these aids, men, in general, would have made but slow progress in speculative knowledge. The reliques of superstition, that had, for such a long succession of ages, hood-winked the understanding, and gained so firm a footing in the minds of the weaker part of mankind, would have been difficult to surmount, without those auxiliary assistances; and would have greatly retarded the progress of real knowledge.

There are many other useful precepts to be drawn from the perusal of history, highly beneficial to mankind in general; and to young men in particular.

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Does not the life, and death, of CARDINAL WOLSEY, furnish a striking lesson of the folly, as well wickedness, of hypocrisy; and lets us see, that, when a man can be mean enough to prostitute great abilities to base purposes and pander to the lusts of a lascivious prince; it is no wonder that the guilt should be retaliated upon his own head. As he obtained the favour of HENRY by unjustifiable means; and rose to wealth and power by acts of cruelty and oppression; we find, that HENRY paid him back in his own coin. WOLSEY's fate, may exhibit a proof, that the Sycophants of power; are only like the small flies that sport and dance in the Sun beams; that only hover about whilst they feel the cheering influence and genial warmth of his rays; but, when the chilling blasts pervade, and the storms assail; Ah! then! they precipately hasten to where they can meet with more animating warmth. Whilst WOLSEY wallowed in wealth and power, what a gorgeous train danced attendance: watched his nod, and gratulated him with the fawning smile of adulation! but when he was stript of all his splendor; we find that they all deserted him, and he was obliged to make his court to the poor Abbot, to whom he said, "that he was come to lay his bones among them."

The life of the wise, the learned, and accomplished SIR HENRY WOTTON; discovers to us, that, even great abilities, accompanied with integrity and virtue: do not always meet their due reward; or secure to them, the  
favour



favour of their Prince. The life of this great man, verifies the truth of that beautiful aphorism, "Put not thy trust in Princes, &c." Is it not astonishing to all considerate men, that the wise, the virtuous and the polite SIR HENRY WOTTON, he who was capable of giving advice to our great MILTON: he, who was caressed and admired for his elegant accomplishments; who was employed in the highest offices under government; who was three times invested with the elevated character of Ambassador; and who executed his commission with ability, fidelity, and honour; should, after all these important services to the nation, and to his sovereign, be reduced to the mortifying alternative of officiating as head master of Eaton School!

But the most useful lesson of all is; that even offices the most elevated that can be given to mortals; are not sufficient to secure happiness, or shield us from the common calamities, incident to human nature. The life of QUEEN ELIZABETH, furnisheth us with an incontestible proof, that even sovereign power, wisdom, popularity and success; are not insuperable barriers, that will shut out all human calamities.

When we survey that great Queen making her public entry into London, amid the acclamations of a joyous people, who were just let loose from the shackles of superstition and tyranny; and were anticipating, in that great patroness,

patroness, of civil and religious freedom, the security of those inestimable privileges; we view royalty in the most flattering point of view. But alas! the subsequent part of her reign was marked with a series of events, of an alarming, disagreeable nature. All the wisdom she was mistress of, was found insufficient to support her, amid those trials of complicated distress, that assailed her. In a word, the Great ELIZABETH, who shone in learning and wisdom; who figured in oratory; whose prudence and sagacity, rendered her name formidable through all Europe; even she, at last, fell a prey to the violence of a blind passion.

There are other advantages to be derived from the perusal of our history; which, tho' of an inferior nature, may not perhaps, be found unworthy of notice.

May not we discover the fallacy of that injudicious remark, so frequently made, by persons of morose tempers and narrow minds, viz. "that the world encreaseth in cruelty and wickedness." It is, to me, an obvious truth, that the present age is much more refined, than any prior Æra that can be found in our annals.

The cultivation of the human intellect introduceth, (as a natural consequence,) a reformation of manners, as well as an improvement of the understanding. Reason, assisting the understanding, discover to the mind, the turpitude

pitude of many actions, which a savage barbarity is blind to. To prove the truth of this remark, we need only look back to the FEUDAL ages, in our history. We shall discover but few vestiges of that elegance of manners, that delicate sensibility and refinement, for which the English people, are now so eminently distinguished.

The most ignorant and illiterate person in the kingdom, would now shudder at the idea, of Ten Shillings being estimated as a sufficient compensation for the life of a fellow creature.

At present, the almost universal diffusion of learning thro' this kingdom in particular; the knowledge of the justice and equity of those laws that protect its rights; together with the good sense, candour and impartiality of its chief members; must confirm every considerate person how necessary such laws are for the preservation of the properties of every subject.

Were I to recount all the advantages that may be derived from the perusal of history, I should swell my Essay to an unnecessary length. Those already enumerated, are, I should suppose, of sufficient weight to excite the inquisitive mind to search after this species of knowledge.

There are many excellent histories, which, to the learned, are well known: but for young men, to whom  
long.



long tracts are disgusting; I would recommend, for brevity, as well as elegance, LORD LYTTLETON's History, in a Series of Letters. It abounds with many beautiful and judicious reflections, illustrating many circumstances, which plain narrative leaves rather defective, and sometimes ambiguous and obscure. These reflections are highly useful and instructive to young men of genius and observation. But if they wish a history that is written with more brevity, they may be accommodated with DR. GOLDSMITH's abridgment, which is a good school book.

By what means can man acquire knowledge but by increasing the number of his ideas? This circumstance considered, we shall find that men do not differ so much in sense as in knowledge. There are many illiterate persons, who are endued with strong faculties; and only want cultivation, to render their names of some consequence in the world.

People in this age, need not be at a loss for rational entertainment, if they will only make use of the means to acquire it: and, amongst those amusements that are instructive, as well as pleasing; I know of none that is better calculated to promote these salutary purposes, than the perusal of Authentic History.

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